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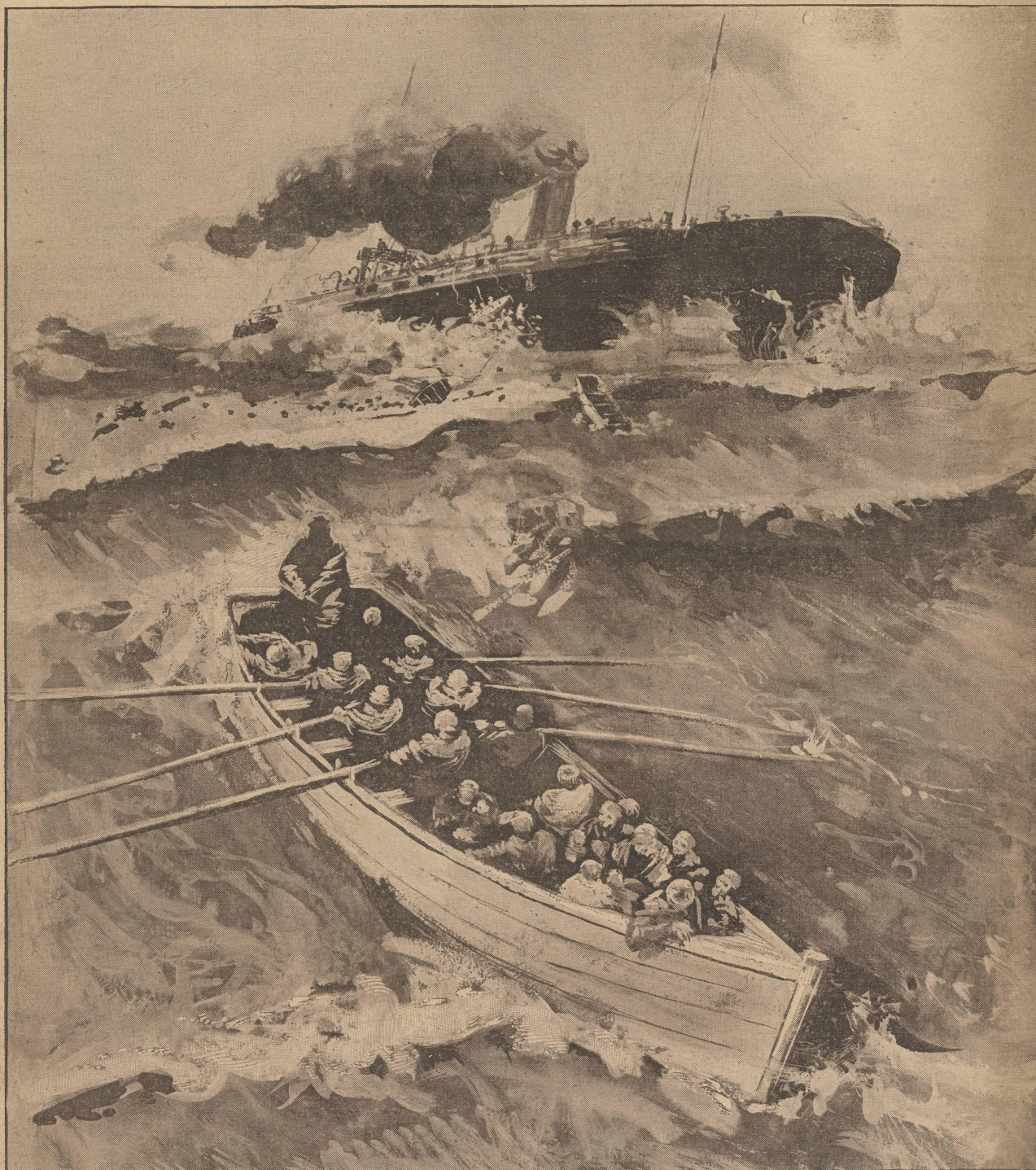
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TUESDAY, JULY 5, 1904.

One Halfpenny.

700 LIVES LOST OFF THE BRITISH COAST.



The details of the loss of the Danish emigrant steamer Norge, wrecked on Rockall, a single isolated granite pile 290 miles from the Scottish coast, become more terrible now that the survivors' stories are told. Over 800 men, women, and children were on board at the moment of the disaster. As boats were lowered they were dashed against the ship and broken, till the sea was strewn with bodies and lifebelts.—(Drawn from a description furnished by a survivor of the disaster.)

OVER 600 DROWNED.

Grim Story of the Lost Emigrant Ship.

CAPTAIN GONDELLE SAVED.

Survivors Describe the Horrors of the Wreck.

AGONISED WOMEN

Try in Vain to Save Their Little Children.

Latest details of the wreck of the Norge show that it was one of the most appalling of modern times.

Loaded with emigrants from various parts of Europe, the American bound vessel struck a reef in the Atlantic about 180 miles west of the coast of Scotland, and foundered in a few minutes. There was a terrible panic, and heart-rending scenes. Women and children were drowned literally by the hundred.

There were 694 passengers and a crew of 71, making a total of 765. Of these only 128 are known to have been saved, and there can be little doubt that the remainder—637 souls—have been drowned.

How the vessel struck on a perfectly well-known rock is at present a mystery, but, according to the accounts of some of the survivors, fog was the cause of the disaster.

STORY OF THE TRAGEDY.

(FROM OUR OWN CORRESPONDENT.)

GRIMSBY, Monday Night.

That awful tragedy of the sea—the sinking of the Danish emigrant ship Norge, and the drowning of over six hundred men, women, and children—can now be told in detail.

From the lips of survivors, some of whom were still half-mazed by the horror of their terrible fight for life, I have heard it. By men and women it was told me, in Danish, Swedish, Russian, and Polish, and more than one interpreter was necessary.

The Norge, commanded by Captain Gondelle, belonging to the Copenhagen, Ltd., Steamship Co., left Copenhagen on June 22. She touched at Christiania and Christiansund, and with 694 emigrants, men, women, and children, and a crew of seventy, started for New York. She carried 296 Norwegian, 236 Russian and Poles, and a number of Danes, Swedes, and Finns.

At half past seven in the morning on Tuesday, June 28, with a heavy sea running, she was travelling steadily through a fog some 180 miles west of the west coast of Scotland. Some of the passengers were in their bunks, a few had risen for breakfast. All was quiet, and there was no thought of danger.

Then, without the slightest warning, there was a shock, followed immediately by a terrible, grinding crash. The Norge had struck on the reefs surrounding the Rockall, a lonely, inhospitable crag, seventy-five feet high that stands up from the Atlantic.

SCENE OF TERROR.

In an instant all was wild confusion. There were loud shouts from men in command, and the vessel was backed off, grinding over the reefs back into deep water.

A horde of many-tongued frantically screaming emigrants, men, women, and children, some half-dressed, some in their night gear, rushed up on deck. The port bow was stove in, all the ship's plates were started, and she began to sink rapidly. The frenzied, fear-maddened mob made a wild rush for the boats, which the crew at once endeavoured to launch.

It was impossible to keep any order in that pandemonium. Directly the first boat was lowered there was a mad rush to get into her. She was overcrowded in a moment, a heavy sea dashed her against the side of the ship and overturned her, and her load of struggling humanity was thrown into the water to drown—for none could give thought to rescuing them.

A second boat was launched, filled, and sank, in just the same manner.

By now the ship's decks were awash, and many of the maddened, screaming, struggling horde on her, rendered insane by fear, leapt overboard. Some went without lifebelts to certain death. Others took lifebelts, which the crew were hurriedly serving out, but their chance of life in that wild, desolate sea, were little helped thereby.

Then three other boats were launched and, filled to the uttermost, managed to get away from the

wreck. Even amid the confusion which reigned there were noble deeds of self-sacrifice and heroism. One lad of seventeen, seeing there was only room for one more in a boat, threw his sister into it.

An officer of the ship, finding the boat he was in overloaded with women and children, leapt overboard to give them a chance of escaping.

But the sea was now strewn with a struggling mass of people, and these made wild clutches at the boats as they passed. And those in the boats, to save themselves, beat the drowning wretches off with stretchers and oars.

Soon after these boats had got clear of her the Norge, her nose already under water, took a great plunge forward. For a moment her stern was high in the air. Then, with a sudden rush of escaping air and a chorus of yells from the hapless folk left on board, she sank.

And these horrors, from the time the ship struck to the time she sank, are said to have occurred in but a little over twelve minutes.

After twenty-four hours' drifting and baling in misery one boatload of twenty-seven was picked up by the fishing boat Salvia and brought into Grimsby, where they arrived on Sunday night. Another boatload of thirty-two was picked up by the Dundee steamer Cervona, and landed at Stornoway yesterday. And the lifeboat, with sixty-nine half-starved and nearly-naked souls on board, was sighted by the steamer Energie, which took them into Stornoway. On this boat was the body of a child which had died from exposure.

SURVIVORS' STORIES.

Water a Mass of Bobbing Heads and Clutching Arms.

The Salvia brought into Grimsby twenty-seven survivors—ten Danes, six Norwegians, one Pole, and two Swedes, with six Norwegian women and two children. Peter Nielsen, a young Scandinavian, gave me the following account of his terrible experiences:—

"I hurried to the deck and found that the vessel had ran stem on into a great black rock, which towered above us. The engines were reversed immediately, and I felt the keel scrape over some submerged reef as we slid back into deep water. I turned to go below for my few belongings, but men, women, and children were pouring afrightedly up the hatchways.

THE HUMAN TORRENT.

"It was impossible to fight against the human torrent, and I went amidships. From the bridge Captain Gondelle was shouting instructions, while other officers stood by the boats trying to calm the alarmed passengers.

"The ship was low in the water and rolling heavily, and there was a fierce, mad rush for the boats.

"I saw the starboard lifeboat lowered and filled, but before it could be pulled clear a great wave smote it and shivered it against the liner's side. Its occupants were pitched in the water and drowned. A second boat was floated and filled with passengers and then smashed by the sea in just the same way.

"The steamer's decks were almost awash now, and passengers in scores were snatching lifebuoys and leaping into the waves.

WOMEN SHRIEKING AND PRAYING.

"On the deck women were sobbing, some clutching their children and praying. Others were shrieking hysterically. Men were running about, wildly calling, swearing and imploring, but seemingly too frightened to be useful.

"I rushed across the deck to where an officer and seaman were stowing some women into a lifeboat. He hurried some men into her, and we pushed off from the sinking ship's side. The water was one mass of bobbing heads and frantic, clutching arms. Some of the drowning ones, half out of the water, supported by lifebelts, called on us to aid them. Some cursed us, while others bade us row on. Many grabbed the gunwale, but there were twenty-eight of us in a boat built for twenty.

We were so low in the water that the waves slopped on to us. To take more aboard would have sunk the craft, so we made them loose their hold.

"As we drew clear of the bodies we paused and looked back just in time to see the Norge take a great plunge forward, throw up her stern, and disappear below the waves. Captain Gondelle still shouting and gesticulating on the bridge.

"It would be twelve minutes after we first struck. Many of the women and children leapt upon her decks went down in the swirling vortex. "We saw two other small boats get clear. They contained ten persons each, and the officer who was in our boat, in order to lighten her, leapt into the sea to swim to one of these.

"There was only one of us a seaman, but we got out oars and rowed as well as we could. So far as we could see the other boats never put out oars, but simply drifted, and we lost sight of them.

LITTLE GIRL SAVED.

"The little girl we had on board, now parentless, was inconsolably and bitterly.

"All Tuesday we drifted. We had food, but were wet through, and had to bale constantly at night. We were very cold, and very miserable. We drifted thus till eight o'clock on Wednesday, when we sighted the Salvia. We halloed, and waved our clothing, and to our great relief the vessel ran up a flag in response.

"We were taken aboard and furnished with dry clothing, served with hot coffee, and accommodated

in the cabin and forecastle, the fishermen yielding us their quarters without demur.

"Next day the Salvia steamed past Rockall. The sea was strewn with bodies, life-belts, and litter that bobbed and swirled in our wake. We saw no sign of living folk, and firmly believe that we alone have had the good fortune to escape.

LOST WIFE AND CHILDREN.

"I put my wife and five children on one of the hatchways and implored them not to move until I returned," said poor old Johan Johansen, a grey-bearded man from Tromsø. "When I saw the boats being launched I went back to fetch them, but they had disappeared. Whether they had gone in that scene of mad confusion I don't know. But they are gone, and now I am alone in the world.

"We had nearly 200 children on board. They screamed with terror, and their mothers were frantic.

"Some put their little ones in the lower rigging for safety, but all are gone."

HEROIC DEEDS.

"I can't see these women and children drown," said the gallant second mate of the Norge. "Here goes. I will take my chance," and he leaped overboard into the sea.

The boat he was in was overloaded. It had a hole in its side, and was only kept afloat by continuous baling. His heroic action doubtless helped to make it possible for the frail vessel to float until sighted by the Salvia. Some say he was drowned, others that he swam to another of the boats. None know.

One of the girls in that boat owes her life to her seventeen-year-old brother, who, seeing there was only room for one in it, threw her in and stayed behind to die.

"What splendid fellows the sailors were," said a Norwegian girl. "They would let no man take our places or come in themselves, but pushed us off, and when the last boat was gone stood with folded arms to go down with the ship."

SURVIVORS AT STORNOWAY.

The Dundee steamer Cervona landed thirty-two survivors at Stornoway which she had picked up, on Sunday night in a boat west of the Butt of Lewis. They were all in a terrible condition. Some, with hardly any clothes on, were half dead from exposure, and many had to be carried to the hospital.

There were two women and six children alive on the boat, and one child had died from exposure.

CAPTAIN IN THE LIFEBOAT.

Later in the day the steamer Energie arrived with seventy survivors, which she had picked up in the Norge's lifeboat. Among them was the captain of the ill-fated vessel. All were prostrated by their sufferings during the five days' exposure in an open boat.

There were only eight boats on the Norge, not nearly enough to carry the passengers, and of these only three succeeded in getting away.

Survivors are ecstatic in their praise of the officers and crew of the Salvia, who gave clothing and every possible attention to the boatload they rescued.

One of the surviving women clung to her little five-year-old girl, and both were saved. Another, delicious with joy at being picked up by the Salvia, offered one of the crew her wedding ring.

"The mistake," said a young, intelligent Dane, "was that some of the boats were too crowded, while others only had a few persons in them. In two cases at least, after a few people had jumped into the boats they shoved off, so awful was the tension."

"My companions and I had escaped in various disguises from Warsaw to avoid serving in the Russian Army, and leaving our wives and children to starve," said a Russian-Polish survivor. "And I am certain that my friends would rather drown, as they have done, than serve our hated rulers and be victims to the horrors of the Russian Army."

MULLAH ADVANCING.

Reuter is informed that a private letter, dated from one of the interior posts in Somaliland on June 17, received in London yesterday, says:—

"The Mullah is advancing up the Ngal, and things will probably soon be as bad as ever. Things here are in an absolutely rotten state."—Reuter.

ON HIS MOTHER'S GRAVE.

In the cemetery at Leytonstone a constable found a youth lying on his mother's grave, suffering from oxalic acid poisoning.

Replying to the officer, the lad said:—

Yes, I took it; I am tired of life. Mother and sister are buried there. Leave me alone. I took some to kill myself.

Yesterday the Stratford magistrates sent the youth to the workhouse.

At Wandsworth County Court yesterday it was stated that a defendant, a Civil Service clerk, had a family of twelve children, all under fourteen years of age. The Judge made a very short order.

THE HORRORS OF WAR.

Japan Accuses Russian Soldiers of Atrocities.

SUFFERINGS OF TROOPS.

In an official statement issued by the Japanese Legation, London, yesterday, the charges of cruelty alleged against Japanese soldiers are formally and emphatically denied.

The Government asserts that no battle or skirmish took place on the date alleged by the Russians, and, in turn, instance a fight when sixteen Japanese were killed by the enemy, and the Russians stabbed with their bayonets the eyes and mouths of the Japanese corpses, and cut the chests, besides robbing the pockets.

On another occasion a Japanese scout was killed. Twenty Russians surrounded the corpse, and were perpetrating the most abominable, barbarous acts upon it, when they were driven off by Japanese cavalry.

In a Reuter message from Tokio on the subject it is stated:—

"General Oku concludes by saying that he feels he is not fighting a civilised army."

RAIN AND SICKNESS.

New Terrors Facing the Soldiers at the Front.

ST. PETERSBURG, Monday.

Torrential rains are inundating the whole of Manchuria, converting the area bordering on the railway into a veritable lake, carrying away bridges and portions of the embankments, and washing away the roads.

In some places the soldiers actually have to sleep in water.

Much cholera is reported among the Japanese. The latter bivouac, for preference, on hills. Penetrating damp prevails everywhere.—Reuter.

From Liao-yang the Japanese are said to have learned that typhoid has broken out among the Russian troops, due to the rainy season.

Reuter's correspondent at Liao-yang says both combatants are apparently inactive. The Japanese have retired to the dry and sandy country to await the better season. Deep mud renders the movement of transport and guns impossible.

General Kuropatkin, seeing the impossibility of giving battle owing to the retirement of the Japanese and the heavy rains, is returning to Hai-cheng.

Everywhere are deep mud and water, and there is not a dry spot on which they can camp. Often they have to pass twelve hours in the rain before they can prepare soup to warm them, it being difficult to kindle a fire, as all the wood obtainable is sodden with water. Still they remain patient and cheerful.

Horses and transport arriving here are thickly coated with mud.

KUROKI AT MOTIENLING.

GENERAL KUROKI'S HEADQUARTERS (undated), via Fusan, June 30.

The Japanese occupied the Motienling Pass to-day without opposition, the Russians abandoning three strong lines of earthworks on the hills commanding the entrance.

A three days' downpour has converted the whole country into a bog, and has delayed transport, but the advance is continuing.—Reuter's Special Service.

"GUILLOTINE" DEBATE.

Mr. John Morley led the renewal of the attack on Mr. Balfour's motion for the automatic closure in compartments of the Licensing Bill, when the House of Commons yesterday resumed the discussion, which stood adjourned on Friday.

He charged the Government with having played a game of hide and seek in Parliament and the country. What reason, he asked, was there for ringing the Parliamentary curtain down on "one of the most squalid political scenes that had ever disgraced our Parliamentary history?"

After Mr. John Redmond had followed in the same strain, Mr. Balfour replied to the Opposition's criticisms.

He then proceeded to deal with the attack made upon him on Friday by Mr. Whitaker. He regretted that the hon. member had made an attack on himself involving an attack on two persons—one long since dead, and the other not open to the imputation that had been made against him.

Contrary to expectation the debate had not terminated when the sitting was suspended for dinner.

Some very fine pictures of the Hackenschmidt-Jenkins wrestling bout were presented at the Empire Theatre last night, and received with great applause by the large audience. The picturesque ballet, "High Jinks," seems as popular as ever.

'VARSITY MATCH EPISODE:

Midnight Scene in Regent-street
Between Undergraduates
and Police.

NO LONGER "GOOD FORM."

A case, arising indirectly out of the gathering of undergraduates from Oxford and Cambridge in London for the 'Varsity cricket match at Lord's case before Mr. Denman, the Marlborough-street magistrate, yesterday. Herbert Asquith, twenty-three, of Cavendish-square, and Mordaunt Gore Booth, twenty-five, engineer, of Ecclehall-road, Sheffield, were charged before Mr. Denman—the former with being drunk and disorderly in Lower Regent-street, and the latter with attempting to rescue Mr. Asquith from the custody of Inspector Trafford, of the C Division.

Linked Arm in Arm.

Inspector Trafford stated that shortly after midnight on Saturday he saw the two defendants in Lower Regent-street with four or five other gentlemen. They were linked together arm-in-arm, pushing against everyone they met. He asked them to unloose and pass along quietly, and afterwards, insisted upon them unloosing each other.

They passed along for a few yards quietly when Mr. Asquith said, "Take hold, boys," putting his arms through the arms of two other gentlemen. They then closed in a half-circle round some women. Mr. Asquith was drunk, and he arrested him. Mr. Asquith, he alleged, violently resisted.

In Piccadilly, he continued, Mr. Booth came up and said, "Oh, no, Inspector," and caught him by the arm. When Mr. Booth came up a second time he was also taken into custody.

Dr. Percy Edmunds, surgeon to the C Division of Police, said that he examined Mr. Asquith after two o'clock on Sunday morning, and came to the opinion that he was not drunk when he saw him, but that he was drunk when he was arrested.

Dinner at the Monico.

In giving evidence on his own behalf, Mr. Asquith stated that he was an undergraduate at Oxford. On Saturday night he dined with Mr. Booth and three other friends at the Café Royal. He only drank at dinner four glasses of light Moselle cup, and a liqueur of brandy. Shortly after eleven o'clock they went to the Hotel Continental, where he had some kidneys and a small brandy and soda. He denied that when they left the hotel they formed a circle round some women and caused an obstruction. The inspector seized him from behind, and with unnecessary violence.

He protested against the violence of the inspector, and said, "If you want me I will go quietly with you."

Mr. Booth, who said he was staying with Mr. Asquith at Cavendish-square, corroborated this version of the affair. He denied that he interfered with the inspector, or attempted to rescue Mr. Asquith.

Boys Will Be Boys.

Mr. Denman said the case seemed of a very juvenile character. There was a time when it was thought "good form" for undergraduates to create a disturbance in the West End of the town on the occasion of the boat race or the cricket match. Fortunately, that opinion no longer existed. He was struck by the frank way Mr. Asquith had given his evidence. He (the magistrate) was the last to forget that "boys will be boys," and "girls will be girls."

Both the defendants had shown in court that they could behave like gentlemen, and he should discharge them, trusting that they would again not get into trouble.

HIS MAJESTY AT HIS MAJESTY'S.

The King has announced his intention of being present to-night at His Majesty's Theatre. This is a great honour to the Grand Priory of the Order of the Hospital of St. John, which has organised the entertainment in aid of the British Ophthalmic Hospital at Jerusalem.

The programme will consist of a number of tableaux vivants representing the progress of the Order from its birth until its restoration in England under Queen Mary in 1557. An act from "The Merry Wives of Windsor" will also be given, and among the distinguished artists who will appear are Mme. Calvé, Herr Kubelik, and Mme. Albani.

NEW MOTOR WARSHIP.

The English Navy has decided to build a motor torpedo-boat.

For night work this boat should possess peculiar qualifications, as, having no funnel and emitting no smoke, it should be particularly difficult of detection.

The vessel will be 130ft. long, and carry her engines below the water-line under a protective deck. She will have a deck torpedo tube, which can be trained in any direction.

Great interest is being felt in shipping circles as to the outcome of the meeting between Lord Ballin and Lord Inverclyde, which is to take place at the Board of Trade offices on Thursday afternoon.

PRESIDENT ROOSEVELT AND MRS. MAYBRICK

Monster Petition in America To Obtain Free Pardon
for the "Angel of Aylesbury."

INTERVIEW WITH ONE OF HER COUNSEL.

Throughout Great Britain and America the utmost interest has been aroused by the announcement in yesterday's *Mirror* that the case of Mrs. Maybrick is to be revived with the object of securing for her a free pardon through the graciousness of King Edward.

Our New York correspondent cables that amidst the national jubilations of Independence Day American men and women found time to express their profound gratification at the news.

"America," adds our correspondent, "plumps for Mrs. Maybrick's innocence, and should King Edward be able to exercise his royal prerogative by granting her a free pardon, thereby cleansing her reputation from the stain of murder which has unjustly attached to her name, it will be, so far as America is concerned, the most popular act of his Majesty's benignant reign."

"When Mrs. Maybrick sets foot on American soil in the early weeks of August her reception will be cordial and enthusiastic. Already there are signs of petitions being started in New York, Boston, and Alabama, where Mrs. Maybrick was born."

"The American people will never rest till a monster scroll of names—the greatest petition ever presented—is got ready, if need be, for shipment to England. There will be a petition in every city of the United States."

Mr. Roosevelt's Sympathy.

"It is confidently expected that President Roosevelt will signify his sympathy with the movement by attaching his signature to the list. Everybody believes that Mr. Choate, the American Ambassador in London, will support the petition, and gladly act as the medium of its presentation—as Mr. Lincoln did in his day."

The English people rejoice none the less really at the news that public sympathy with this woman is not to expire with the expiration of her fifteen years' imprisonment on the 30th of the present month.

"Tens of thousands," said one of the counsel at Mrs. Maybrick's trial, yesterday, "who followed the evidence in the remarkable case fifteen years ago would be found as ready and eager to sign a petition for a free pardon to-day as they were in 1889 when public opinion, led by the greatest lawyer of the Victorian era, Lord Russell of Killowen, prevailed upon the Home Office to grant a remission of the death penalty."

"Either Mrs. Maybrick killed her husband or she didn't. Lord Russell, to my knowledge, believed she never dreamt of such a diabolical deed."

"Is it not amazing that through all those years, while this wonderful woman has been shut away from communication with the outer world, the English and American public should have continued to bemoan the cruelty of her incarceration? Nothing like it was ever known. Mrs. Maybrick's own submissive, dignified personality has contributed very largely to the sustained interest in her fate."

Undaunted Through Fifteen Years.

"Imagine a young, beautiful woman, the mother of two fine children, spending fifteen years in a convict prison, conscious all the while that she is guiltless of the charge put upon her. Then recollect that she has earned in gaol a clean record for good conduct, and you have a remarkable picture of feminine fortitude and patience."

"In prison she was still the quiet little lady, though an expression of courageous sadness had settled upon her pale features," said a solicitor in London yesterday, who obtained the permission of the Home Office to visit Mrs. Maybrick in Aylesbury gaol. "At my request the lady superintendent permitted the convict to be seated, for which Mrs. Maybrick thanked me with a silent bow and smile."

"Our interview lasted for upwards of two hours, though I am not at liberty just yet to disclose the nature of our conversation or the occasion of my visit. I only wish I could, as I hope to do some

day soon, for it will show Mrs. Maybrick in a most favourable light, bearing most convincingly upon her innocence."

"Meantime I will only say this. An action was threatened against a newspaper by one of the witnesses for the prosecution. I got permission to have Mrs. Maybrick to give evidence in the public courts for the defence."

"I communicated this, together with a copy of the evidence Mrs. Maybrick would give, to the solicitor on the other side."

"The result was almost magical. Within twenty-four hours the case collapsed. The person suing the newspaper backed out instantly, and promptly paid the costs on both sides, being afraid, as I believe, to confront Mrs. Maybrick's fearless truthfulness in the witness-box."

The "Angel of Aylesbury."

Mrs. Maybrick's fellow-convicts used to speak of her as the "Angel of Aylesbury." The following is part of a letter sent to the Home Office by a woman who had served a term of penal servitude



Mrs. Maybrick, as she looks to-day.

beside Mrs. Maybrick. The writer took a rather crude view of criminal law in her vain imaginings. She gave her full name and address:—

Dear Mr. Home Secretary,—I have done time at Aylesbury, and one of my mates was that dear little innocent woman, Mrs. Maybrick. I do wish you would let me serve the rest of the time for her, because she never did it, sir, she never did it. We all worshipped her in the prison. She wouldn't hurt a fly.

In some of her letters written recently to her mother, the Baroness de Rogues, and to a lady in Liverpool who held a standing permit from the Home Office to visit her, Mrs. Maybrick writes in good spirits of her position as librarian at Aylesbury. In one passage she compares herself to a literary nurse, whose duties are to attend upon worn-out books, binding up their wounds, and prolonging their days of usefulness.

Her epistles, several of which run to many pages, are liberally interspersed with quotations from Scripture and popular hymns, indicative of the religious nature of the library over which she presided. Once, referring to the efforts, hitherto ineffectual, to obtain a re-trial of her case, she blithely quotes from Burns:—

The best laid schemes o' mice and men
Gang aft agley.

When her distressed mother would break into sobbing during these prison interviews, denouncing in her grief the legal system of England that provided no Criminal Court of Appeal, Mrs. Maybrick maintained perfect self-command, and sought to comfort the Baroness by warmly assuring her that the prison officials were invariably as kind and considerate as the etiquette of durance vile would permit.

MESSIAH AS POET.

Spends a Day in Paraphrasing
the "Song of Solomon."

Yesterday the exodus from the Somersetshire "Abode of Love" began, for at least twenty visitors to the Spaxton retreat terminated their period of residence. Some of the departed Agapemonites are Norwegians, going back to their own country, where just at present this sect has many adherents.

Pigott did not leave the abode grounds, but employed himself in the manufacture of verse for use at the service.

The "Song of Solomon" is largely drawn upon for ideas which the "Messiah" is working up to popular tunes.

In the village of Spaxton indignation is growing day by day, and the vicar of the parish has started denouncing the Agapemonites in no measured terms. To a *Mirror* representative, an aged Spaxton villager told the story of the foundation of the "Abode of Love" by Prince on part of a large fortune he obtained from five maiden ladies named Nottidge, daughters of a Bermondsey merchant.

The youngest, Louisa, had got completely under his influence, and her brothers, believing her to be insane, seized her by force from the Abode and had her removed to London, and locked up in an asylum.

She returned to Spaxton, however, and gave up all her money, and was buried at her death in the Abode grounds.

Her brothers afterwards had the body disinterred, and it now lies in Spaxton Churchyard in consecrated ground.

CANNIBALS IN AFRICA.

Gruesome Story of Massacre on
the Congo.

ANTWERP, Monday.

Passengers who arrived here this morning from the Congo by the mail steamer *Philippeville* bring news of a massacre in the Congo Free State.

It appears that on May 20, in the Mongalla district, near the post of N'Dabo, a Swiss non-commissioned officer named Reuss was surprised at his post by Budjas. He had with him fifteen soldiers. Reuss was killed, cut into pieces, and eaten. The soldiers were killed with the exception of one man, who escaped with the news.

An officer left immediately with 200 troops to suppress the revolt.—Reuter.

MASTER BEFORE LOVER.

A mysterious fire caused the death of a trusted housekeeper and put a tragic finish to a love affair of a quarter of a century's duration at Penzance yesterday morning.

Jane Trembath, aged fifty-eight, had been with a family named White for thirty years, and for the greater part of this period had been courted by a constant lover.

With real devotion, however, she stuck to the family, and even after her old master's death she remained to keep house for his son.

Yesterday morning she was found suffocated in her room.

MARRIAGE MONEY AS SOLATIUM.

At West Ham some time ago William Reynolds struck a constable, who received such injuries as to keep him in hospital until yesterday, when Reynolds was charged with assault.

The defendant, a young man, offered the constable £20 compensation—money he had saved up to get married with—which was accepted.

He also had to pay a further £10.

BURIED ALIVE.

Last evening the body of John Naughton, twenty-five, unmarried, was dug out of a turf bank at Ardkeeragh, Athlone.

Naughton was employed on the Midland and Great Western Railway of Ireland on the permanent way, and it is believed he was overwhelmed by a bank slip. His father discovered Naughton's feet protruding from the turf.

BLINDED BY FURNACE EXPLOSION.

An alarming explosion occurred yesterday at the furnaces at Messrs. Bolckow Vaughan's steel works at Middlesbrough.

A foreman and six other men were struck by the molten metal and dreadfully burnt about the head and shoulders. The men were removed to the hospital in a critical condition, and it is feared that several, even if they recover, will lose their sight.

M.P.'S TO VISIT THE STATES.

Steps are being taken to promote a Parliamentary visit to the United States in the autumn. Up to the present some of the M.P.'s have expressed their willingness to join the party.

LOTTERY OF MARRIAGE.

Many Husbands and Wives Relate Unhappy Experiences.

NINE KNOTS UNTIED.

Sir Francis Jeune untied nine marriage knots yesterday. Even at the conclusion of this labour he had not got through the task which the day's "paper" had set him. He was obliged to postpone the untying of four other knots until to-day.

A selection of some of the little serio-comedies and tragedies of married life, as told by injured spouses, witnesses, and counsel during the day's proceedings is given below:—

Eloped with Her Master.

Mary Ellen Jones, before she married John Lewis Jones, a young joiner of Stockport, was a domestic servant in the employment of Dr. Joseph Green, a Stockport medical practitioner. The wedding took place in 1900, and turned out very un happily.

One evening young Jones found his wife walking in a lane with her former master, and there and then she spoke strong words about it. The doctor replied that he was going to see a patient, and that Mrs. Jones had consented to keep him company on his walk. If Jones objected, added the doctor, such a thing should never happen again.

But Jones afterwards found out that while he was pursuing his daily task of cabinet making the doctor had been paying surreptitious visits to his young wife.

The end of it all was that Mrs. Jones announced one day that she was going for a few hours to a place called Alderley Edge. She never came back again. News arrived ultimately, however, that she had arrived in New Zealand, travelling under the protection of Dr. Green.

To the husband to whom she had deserted a decree nisi was granted.

Self-Confessed Lothario.

After a German lady had told a tale of matrimonial woe, a very nice-looking, prettily-dressed young Englishwoman occupied the witness-box. Her name, she said, was Helen Eva Philcox Parr. She was a Miss White when she married her husband, John Walter Aspinall Parr, in 1899.

After the bride's father had, out of his own pocket, furnished a house for the newly-married couple at Pinner, Mr. Parr wished his wife to obtain further sums of money from Mr. White, and when she refused, treated her very badly. Besides flinging her violently into a chair, he showed her photographs of women whom he said he had made love to.

Finally, Mr. White, her father, followed Mr. Parr to a house in Vauxhall Bridge-road, and obtained evidence of his son-in-law's misconduct. Then the President pronounced the decree nisi.

Wife's Dramatic Appeal.

Harry Clarence Hutley, a clerk, told a peculiar story before obtaining a divorce from his wife, and costs against a man named Baxter as co-respondent.

He said that he went to a house where Baxter lived, and ascended to Baxter's room. Baxter came to the door and said "Hallo, Mr. Hutley." The latter then replied "You are just the chap I want."

Blows followed, during which Mrs. Hutley came out from the room, and putting herself between the combatants said dramatically, "Strike me!"

"Kidneys Doux."

The Divorce Court unfortunately sees many soldiers in its witness-box demanding the only redress possible from wives who have been unfaithful to them while they have been abroad serving their country.

One of these poor fellows, a smart sergeant, with three war medals pinned to his breast, was granted his petition yesterday.

The pathos of his story came into strange contrast with some farcical evidence of a female resident of the Gray's Inn-road district. This witness said that she sometimes visited Mrs. Hincley, the sergeant's wife, during the absence of the sergeant.

Other visitors came to see Mrs. Hincley, she declared in loud, highly amused tones, and although they came to afternoon tea they sometimes stayed until four o'clock in the morning.

One of them was a meat salesman in the market, and he showed his affection for Mrs. Hincley by sending her kidneys every day.

Beyond the Court's Reach.

One of the most remarkable incidents of the day took place when Mr. Murphy got up to make an application with regard to a forthcoming divorce case, *Spruell v. Spruell* and Robinson. "I ask leave to strike out the name of the co-respondent," he said. "The co-respondent has been murdered."

Then he explained how in May last Robinson was killed by another man whom he had wronged, a man named Walter France. The murder took place when Robinson offered violence to France's sweetheart.

For not informing the authorities that his daughter had scarlet fever, Michael Toolin, of Leigh, has been fined £3 14s. 6d.

BANK NOTES AS CLUE.

Development in the Search for a Vanished Husband.

Since the story told by Mrs. Margaret White of her husband's strange disappearance with £3,750 in his possession was published in yesterday's *Mirror* a discovery has been made which may, it is hoped, lead eventually to the discovery of the missing man.

The bank in Bishopsgate-street where Mr. White had £3,000 on deposit is now known, and active steps are being taken to trace the Bank of England notes handed over to him when the account was closed last Thursday week. In the event of Mr. White having gone to the Continent the negotiation of any of the notes would not, of course, be traceable so soon as if they had passed directly through an English bank.

Which Was the New Bank?

Before he disappeared Mr. White told his wife that he was opening a new account with the £3,750 in a Lombard-street bank, but the identity of this firm has not yet been discovered.

Mrs. White now recalls her husband stated, as he said good-bye, that he had some very important business to transact in the City before he journeyed to Hampstead, where they had decided to rent a house and settle down. He said he would return immediately everything was settled.

The distressed wife is confident that now publicity has been given in the *Mirror* to her husband's disappearance, his return to her will only be a matter of days.

10,000 SALVATIONISTS

Will Take Part in the Great March Past at the Crystal Palace.

The most striking programme of the whole Congress series has been arranged by the Salvation Army for their "International Day" at the Crystal Palace to-day.

The General will hold a reception in the Transept at 11 a.m., and at 1 o'clock will preach in the theatre.

At half-past two there will be a great performance by the united bands of the Army, numbering over 3,000 instruments, in the Transept.

Later in the afternoon there will be a review and march past, in which all the foreign contingents and detachments from every part of the United Kingdom will take part. This procession will number over 10,000 Salvationists, and the brightness and diversity of the uniforms should render the spectacle a very striking one.

At half-past seven 4,000 songsters will render "Music like unto the sound of many waters" in the Transept.

THE GLORIOUS FOURTH.

Americans Celebrate Independence Day with Traditional Verve.

Patriotic Americans in all parts of the world gave receptions and dinners yesterday, July 4, to celebrate the anniversary of the Declaration of Independence.

Some 1,500 Americans attended the reception held by the Ambassador, Mr. Choate, at 4, Carlton-gardens, between four and six o'clock.

Among the British officials who called and left cards were the Lord Chief Justice, Lord Walter Kerr, and Lord Wolseley. Mr. Marconi, of "wireless" fame, left his card.

In the evening over 400 guests sat down to the banquet given by the American Society in the Grand Hall of the Hotel Cecil.

The juvenile population of America, as usual, kept up the Fourth of July by firing off fireworks, pistols, rifles, cannons, and any other dangerous weapons they could lay hands on.

Five thousand boys were more or less seriously injured last year through fireworks and guns, and 500 of that number died from lockjaw supervening on wounds.

PRESIDENT'S WIDOW IN THE DOCK.

Presenting a pitiful appearance in the dock, a young woman, named Algeria de Barrios, who described herself as the widow of the President of a South American State, who had been the victim of assassination, was charged at Marylebone yesterday with being drunk and incapable in North Kensington.

The court missionary said that he believed the woman was on the verge of delirium tremens. She had been alternately under the care of an inebriate's home, Lady Henry Somerset, the Church Army, and the Salvation Army, but to no avail.

The prisoner said she had come to England to visit her daughter, who was in a convent. The magistrate, learning that her mother had cabled asking that she should be sent back to South America, remanded the prisoner for arrangements to be made to that end.

MODERN SAMARITAN.

Pathetic Incidents in the Scotch Healer's Progress.

Public interest in the healing exploits in Bolton of William Rae, the Blantyre bonesetter, showed no signs of dying yesterday.

Immense crowds waited outside Rae's hotel in Newport-street, the whole day, watching the ingress and egress of the patients. In the course of a tram ride Rae played the role of the Good Samaritan.

His attention was arrested by a crippled child, and he could not resist the temptation of entering his home and asking whether he might try his hand at curing it.

Permission was granted, and Rae, after taking the cripple upon his knee and exercising his skill upon the troublesome limb, told the child to run away to his mother.

A very pathetic incident occurred beneath Rae's hotel window. A group of deaf and dumb people in their silent language made signs to him. The bonesetter was much affected, and remarked in quaint Scottish accent, "If it were only your bones I could sort them out, but I cannot do anything for your ears."

There were several remarkable cases reported yesterday. A child, whose mother had been advised to pay £50 on instruments for him, was cured of a hip trouble in a very few minutes.

After 14 Years' Suffering.

A Bolton youth, named R. Jolly, a sufferer from dislocation of the hip, put his heel down yesterday for the first time for fourteen years. An Openshaw patient, who was wearing on his leg a mechanical contrivance that had cost £30, discarded it after seeing Rae.

In another case a young lady from Anglesea limped into Rae's consultation room wearing an extension upon her foot, and in about twenty minutes, after carrying the mechanical contrivance under her arm.

A bright little lad was brought from Old Trafford suffering from his back. His mother said she heard the bones moving in their place under Rae's treatment. The child felt no pain, and after the operation bent his body and picked his cap off the floor, a thing which would have been impossible before seeing the Scottish bonesetter.

MATRIMONIAL FRAUD.

Widow Falls Victim to a Plausible Advertisement.

A widow named Mrs. Hannah Hirst, who had been the victim of a plausible matrimonial advertisement, had the tardy satisfaction of seeing Frederick Perkin, the man who had deceived her, sentenced to six months' hard labour at Leeds Quarter Sessions yesterday.

In February last Perkin inserted the following advertisement in a newspaper:—

Bachelor, thirty-four, Christian, abstainer, well-connected, small means; wishes to meet widow or young lady with means.

Replying to the advertisement, Mrs. Hirst got into communication with Perkin, who wrote to her from Bradford a long letter, in which he repeated that he was a "Christian, a life abstainer," and also "a member of the Leeds Y.M.C.A., doing a lot of mission work."

By means of these false representations Perkin obtained a promise of marriage from Hirst, and succeeded in inducing her to part with £17 to enable him, as he said, to remove some furniture to a house he was supposed to have taken. After that he vanished.

Perkin had already served fifteen months' for a similar offence at Devonport.

SECOND TRIAL FOR MURDER.

The retrial of Joseph Fee, which commences at Monaghan Assizes to-day, for the murder of John Flanagan, at Clones, is exciting the greatest interest throughout the whole countryside. At the original trial last March the jury failed to agree. The prosecution, it is said, will now bring forward additional important evidence.

The case is one depending entirely upon circumstantial evidence. Flanagan was last seen in Clones on April 6, 1903, when he was known to have £90 in his possession. Eight months later his body, in an advanced stage of decomposition, was accidentally discovered in a heap of refuse at the rear of premises occupied by Fee's mother.

DIFFERENT VIEWS OF AN ACCIDENT.

A verdict of culpable neglect was returned by a Liverpool coroner's jury yesterday against Alfred Millichap, the driver of a victoria which last Tuesday knocked down and killed Mr. George Swayne, an insurance agent living at Brixton. He was accordingly committed for trial on a charge of manslaughter.

An eye-witness said the carriage was on the wrong side of the road, and that the driver's attention was attracted by someone on the pavement, but Millichap asserted that Mr. Swayne was walking towards him, and took no notice when he shouted.

RECTOR AND HIS FLOCK.

Slander Action Results from a Surprise Visit.

PETTICOATS OR MAPS?

The strained relations between the Rev. H. L. Hindle, rector of Stapleton, near Carlisle, and the village schoolmaster, Mr. Frederick Robinson, have culminated in a slander action, heard at Carlisle Assizes.

The circumstances which led to Mr. Robinson having recourse to litigation were as follows: One Sunday in October last, as Mr. Robinson, who is unmarried and has a housekeeper, was going to church after Sunday school, he met two young ladies, Miss Story and Miss Craw, and asked them to call at his house. They did so, but while they were at the house there came a knock at the door. Mr. Robinson answered it, and found the rector there.

"Have you got any girls in the house?" he exclaimed. Mr. Robinson replied, "Yes."

The rector, it is alleged, rejoined, "That's enough for me. I will not sign your papers. Your character is ruined." On account of this Mr. Robinson brought an action for slander.

Why the Door Was Locked.

In the course of cross-examination by Mr. Shee Mr. Robinson said he was revising Miss Story's lessons in a small classroom one day, when the rector walked in, and Miss Story ran out. The door might have been locked, but he sometimes did that to prevent the maps being blown down.

Mr. Shee: Did you ever teach Miss Story in the schoolhouse?—Sometimes I gave her two hours instead of one.

Mr. Shee: I should think so. Now, has Miss Story been to your house before breakfast?—Well, where was I, I wonder.

Mr. Shee: Well, I don't suggest that any lessons were being revised then.

Asked if he was courting a Miss Ferguson, at whose house he had visited, Mr. Robinson replied, "If you'll tell me what they do when they court, I'll tell you."

In denying the defence Mr. Shee contended that to open a schoolmaster as immoral was not actionable, unless it was proved that pecuniary damage had been sustained. The whole question was whether the defence referred to Mr. Robinson as a schoolmaster or as a man. If the rector had not intervened, and anything had happened to the girls, the parishioners would have been down on the rector like a ton of bricks.

It was petticoats, he continued, that blew about in the school, and not maps, as had been suggested in explanation of the door being kept shut. Mr. Hindle, in his evidence, denied that he used the expression, "Your character is ruined."

Mr. Sanderson: What right had you to ask if he had girls in the house?

Mr. Hindle: The right of the clergyman of the parish.

After counsel on both sides had addressed the Court, and the Commissioner had summed up, the jury were unable to agree.

DANGERS OF AIRSHIPS.

Dr. Barton Injured by an Accident in Gas-making.

The accident to Dr. Barton yesterday morning outside the huge shed that covers the airship in the grounds of the Alexandra Palace is said to be a serious one.

When the accident occurred Dr. Barton was standing near the gasometer tanks at the side of the shed in which iron filings and sulphuric acid were mixing. One of the eight-inch pipes, so an expert stated, got stopped up, and an explosion took place.

Dr. Barton's face and eyes were injured by iron filings, but an operation has been successfully performed.

The airship may do an aerial voyage if the weather conditions are favourable to-morrow. If able Dr. Barton and his little son will form part of the crew.

THE LAW'S DELAYS.

With the departure to-day of Justices Grantham and Channell on the North-Eastern Circuit, seven of the King's Bench Judges and a Commissioner will be away at the Assizes.

Justices Wills and Wright are absent through illness, and Mr. Justice Bucknill is in attendance at Chambers daily, leaving five Judges only to carry on the court work of the Division.

Go by the Book

If you boil your wash, you destroy Fels-Naptha, make it no better than some of the soaps.

Fels-Naptha 39 Wilson street London E C

MUCH NEWS IN FEW WORDS.

THE CITY.

Cards of invitation to an Edinburgh marriage, just issued, bear the printed words, "No presents, please."

The police have recovered from a pond at Tinsley, Sheffield, the body of a lad of ten, named Harry Dakin, who was drowned while making an effort to rescue a companion.

Because he could not attend his mother's funeral, David Page, a labourer, of Elmstead, Essex, cut his throat. At the inquest yesterday a verdict of temporary insanity was returned.

At the Thames Police Court yesterday Mr. Cluer said publicans sometimes kept their customers until they were "full just up to the chin," and then, in order to keep from the meshes of the law turned them away.

DIED WITH HER CHILD.

In a pond at Cholmondeley, Cheshire, the wife of a farmer named Manning was found drowned, with her son, aged two and a half years, fastened tightly to her with a cord.

The woman left a letter in her bedroom stating that she could not endure her illness and troubles any longer.

MYSTERIES OF THE BEGGING PROFESSION.

At Wallasey a man has been sent to prison for fourteen days for begging. He was exciting the sympathies of passers-by by exposing a swollen and bandaged hand. An examination showed the swelling was caused by a piece of string tightly bound round the wrist and concealed by the bandaging. The hand was quite sound.

WHERE SILENCE IS GOLDEN.

For assaulting schoolgirls and committing burglary, Harry Jones, a navvy, aged thirty, was sentenced to ten years' penal servitude at Winchester yesterday.

Upon hearing the sentence, Jones said, "So much for sweet singing." Mr. Justice Ridley: "I will make it fourteen years if you say another word."

WHAT THE MAGISTRATE WISHED.

For digging the prongs of a garden fork into the hindquarters of a donkey, Joseph Rawlinson, a labourer, of Leyton, was fined 40s. and costs at Stratford Police Court.

The magistrate said he would like to serve the prisoner as he had served the donkey.

MYSTERIES OF ENGLISH.

At Enfield yesterday the expression "two men on the cadding business" was introduced in evidence at the police court.

Mr. Ford asked what that was, and was informed by a detective, "Oh, they were on the muck."

Mr. Ford: That is as bad as the other. It was then explained that the "cadding business" was realising money on stolen articles.

MR. GILBERT AS KING.

In the parody of "Hamlet," by Mr. W. S. Gilbert, entitled "Rosenkrantz and Guildenstern," to be given at the Garrick Theatre on the 19th inst., there will be a distinguished cast.

Mr. Gilbert will play King Claudius, of Denmark, and the other characters will be presented by Lady Colin Campbell, Miss Clo Graves, Sir Francis Burnand, Captain Robert Marshall, Mr. Leo Trevor, Mr. Paul Rubens, and Mrs. M. L. Ryley.

The "courtiers" will include Mr. Henry Arthur Jones, Mr. Bernard Shaw, and Mr. Anthony Hope.

HE SPOKE TOO SOON.

John Woodcock was travelling with a young lady from Rock Ferry to Chester, but their tickets did not cover the entire journey.

After the collector had taken the tickets Woodcock remarked to his companion, "I thought we should get through all right." A signalman who was in the compartment heard this remark, and reported Woodcock, who on Saturday was fined 10s. and costs.

TO PROTECT MUSICAL RIGHTS.

The Musical Defence League held a successful meeting at Queen's Hall last night. The Duke of Argyll presided, and those present included Sir Edward Elgar, Sir Hubert Parry, Sir A. Mackenzie, Sir C. Villiers Stanford, Mr. Messenger, Mr. Edward German, Mr. Lionel Monckton, etc., the publishing world being represented by Mr. Alfred Littleton (Novello and Co.), Mr. Arthur Boosey (Boosey and Co.), Mr. William Boosey (Chappell and Co.), and Mr. David Day (Francis, Day and Kenton).

Among the speakers were the chairman, Sir Edward Elgar, and many members of both Houses of Parliament.

A resolution urging the Government to take up the Bill now in the House was passed.

Loney Haskell, a new American monologist, made his first appearance in London in some very clever character sketches from life.

In St. George's-in-the-East, where the number of aliens is large, the birth-rate is 41.2 per 1,000, whereas the rate for the whole borough of Stepney is 37.6 per 1,000.

The Oxford Music Hall was filled last night with an audience who gave Hackenschmidt an ovation for his victory over the American champion, Tom Jenkins.

The fire at the works of the Bluebell Polish Company last week was a very slight affair, confined to one room. It did not in any way hinder the business of the company, which was carried on as usual.

Outbreaks of smallpox have occurred at Grant-ham, Hornsea, and Long Sutton, and at Langworthy, near Lincoln. In most cases the outbreak has been introduced by tramps, who wander about country districts at this time of the year looking for work.

WOMAN'S TERRIBLE LEAP.

During a fire which ultimately destroyed the Anchor and Hope public-house, Wapping, 15th-street, yesterday, a woman named Ann Donovan leaped from the second-floor window, and received terrible injuries.

Two other persons were rescued from the burning building by a fireman.

IN DEATH NOT DIVIDED.

Mr. and Mrs. Eli Christmas, who were both over eighty years of age, have died within two days of each other at Selborne, Hants. They were born in Selborne, married there sixty-six years ago, and had lived all their lives in the village. They were interred in the same grave.

HOME SOLD FOR 5s. 4d.

Answering a charge of deserting his wife and family, a labourer named Lawrence said to the Lambeth magistrate yesterday: "I got 5s. 4d. for what I sold."

This referred to his household furniture. He was sent to prison for twenty-one days.

"THE PRINCE OF PILSEN."

Several important changes were made last night in the popular American musical comedy, "The Prince of Pilsen," which is running at the Shaftesbury Theatre.

Miss Lilian Coleman played the part of Nellie Wagner, and Miss May Brandt took over the rôle of Mrs. Crocker, the dashing widow. Other additions to the cast included Mr. Hobart Smolk and Miss Emma Francis.

WANTED A RAIN BATH.

For a whole week the Buxton police have been occupied in a sensational chase after a troussellous man.

After his capture he was brought before the magistrates, and a constable said the prisoner's legs were all bare and his coat was flying back.

Prisoner said he had no intention of insulting anyone, and added, "I did it for fun, and to see what it was like to have a bath in the rain."

The Bench sentenced him to three months' imprisonment.

CARBOLIC ACID FOR TOOTHACHE.

An extraordinary excuse was put forward by a youth of seventeen, named David Jesse Watts, who was charged, at the Birmingham Police Court, with attempting to commit suicide. A police officer stated that Watts had swallowed a quantity of carbolic acid. The officer administered an emetic, and then conveyed him to the hospital.

Asked why he tried to take his life, defendant replied, "I had the toothache, and was vexed over some birds." Upon promising not to repeat the offence, he was discharged.

Mrs. Frances Phillips, wife of a prominent resident at Aldershot, met her death yesterday through her victoria overturning.

In India, says "Motoring Illustrated," the power of a motor is sometimes expressed in elephants, equivalents, a 22-horse motor being described as a 3-elephant power vehicle.

Domestic servants who are skilled in cookery have an opportunity of competing for eighteen free scholarships, which are to be awarded by the L.C.C. this month.

H.M.S. Venerable has created a world's record in the prize firing at Malta, one of her 12-in. bar-bette guns having fired nine rounds in three minutes, and scored nine hits.

HALF A LIFETIME IN GAOL.

Charles White, aged sixty-seven, who appeared at Bow-street Police Court yesterday, has spent thirty-eight years in gaol, these including several terms of penal servitude.

He was charged with attempting to pick pockets outside the Salvation Army Congress Hall in the Strand, and was sentenced to twelve months' hard labour.

BABY IN THE WHEAT.

While a youth was passing a wheatfield near Slough he heard the cries of a child. He searched about, but not being able to find anyone gave information to the police.

Another search resulted in the finding of a newly-born baby boy lying among the wheat.

TO BEGIN LIFE ANEW.

James Hutchinson Potter was brought up again at Enfield yesterday charged with threatening to shoot his brother, Archdeacon Potter.

Upon the understanding that he would emigrate to another country the prisoner was liberated, the Chairman expressing the hope that in his new home he would be restored to health, and have a successful career.

THE SOLDIER-BURGLAR.

At Dover Quarter Sessions yesterday the Recorder (Mr. A. H. Bodkin), alluding to the number of charges of burglary against soldiers, expressed the opinion that the issue of all-night passes was useless and undesirable.

The civilian population, he said, was entitled to retire to rest with some degree of security, and he suggested that the Grand Jury should forward a recommendation on the subject to the responsible authorities.

TEMPERANCE WAVE SPREADING.

The number of deaths from alcoholism in Stepney is steadily decreasing, reports the medical officer. There were only seventy-six deaths from this cause last year, as compared with 102 in 1902, and 100 in 1901.

It may, he says, be argued that this is due to the large and increasing number of Jews in the district, who are more moderate in this respect than the native population. The medical officer, however, does not take this view, but believes there is a general wave of temperance passing over the land.

DEAD PIG AS A PRESENT.

For cruelty to a pig a farmer named John Routledge, of Bootle, Cumberland, has been fined 4s. and costs.

Defendant sent a pig on a seven hours' railway journey, packed in a box. The height of the pig was 17 inches and the height of the box 14 inches. The pig was 31 inches long, and the length of the box was only 23½ inches.

When the box arrived at its destination the pig was, naturally, dead.

Defendant said he was sending the pig as a present to his son, but the Bench remarked that he would not want to send a dead pig.

Markets Weak—New Industrial Issues Criticised.

Markets were exceedingly slack. Indeed, members of the Stock Exchange maintained that it was one of the worst days known. The public were doing nothing, and the market was awaiting the news from Parliament, and, in addition, had less satisfactory reports from the Lombard-street bankers. Contests were depressed, but, on the whole, the gilt-edged market kept up fairly well.

In the Home Railway section there was a good opening, but before the finish some weakness was shown. In the early part of the day a great effort was made to hoist the prices of South African and Canadian securities, and these efforts proved successful. The Brighton traffic increase of only 2877 was not thought good enough. The City and South London reported a small increase.

The New York Stock Exchange was closed, and so there was little New York influence upon the London market. Saturday's bank statement was not liked, but the market kept up very well.

The Grand Trunk market had expected a traffic increase of £5,000. The increase was £4,945, but this did not encourage buyers, although prices were put up a bit. Something, too, was made for Canadian Railway out of the optimistic statements at the Hudson's Bay meeting. Argentine Rails continue idle and neglected. Here, too, however, the undercurrents were not talk about it seems to be thought that the market will not revive until it is seen how the new wheat crop is going. Mexican Rails, however, were considerably helped by a rally in silver, and the metal has now risen considerably within the last week or two.

In the Foreign market the war news was read more favourably for Russia, and so Paris favourites were cheerful. Russians and Brazilians were rather features, and Japanese were under the notice of the market coming low. Copper shares rallied further.

Hudson's Bays rose to 4½, owing to the statement at the meeting about the land sales in the mountains. A little support for Cement issues. Some of the Brewery descriptions also rallied. Spicers and Ponds were not liked by the market, which did not rise above their expectations, and Docks were a good feature. The banks' dividends showings are not so good as a year ago.

Hyatt's and Courtauld's.

Recent new issues are not apparently meeting with any too favourable a reception. The new Cape loan, for instance, was yesterday only quoted at 100½, and such quotations are usually a bad sign. Several new industrial ventures are expected shortly. Of those at present out there is not much to be made. Hyatt's, Limited, has been formed to take over certain patents and work them. Here is a case, surely, where investors should be satisfied with the issue of a new issue, and it is enough if the public provide the working capital. Yet not merely the issue of a large block of shares, but they want £16,000 in cash, and £2,000 further for certain machinery at once. A 10 per cent underwriting commission seems to be paid for a large block of shares. Then there is the prospectus of the well-known crane manufacturers, Samuel Courtauld and Co., offering preference shares and debentures. It is somewhat unsatisfactory when debentures are not amply covered by fixed assets. Yet here is an offer of £200,000 of 4½ per cent debenture stock, and the company has leaseholds only amounting to £97,000, while machinery, etc., always a bad asset in case of trouble, is valued at £63,000. We are not very fond of floating charges, but proportionately a large fixed asset, but, even allowing it to stand, these fixed assets in all only amount to £100,000, and for the 4½ per cent debentures, which are enough indeed, but never in our opinion good enough for an industrial debenture.

LATEST MARKET PRICES.

* * * The "Daily Mirror" prices are the latest available. Unlike most of our contemporaries, we take special care to obtain the latest quotations from the market makers after the official close of the Stock Exchange.

The following are the closing prices for the day:	
Consols 2½ p.c. 90½	1½ Pacific
Do Account .. 90½	Western
India 3 p.c. 96½	Mexican
London C.C. 3 p.c. 90½	Do Ord. 194
Nat. War Loan. 97½	Rosario Consol. 91½
Transvaal Loan. 97½	Do New
Argentine 1888. 101	Canadian Pacific 127½
Do Fund's 102	Do. T. 148
Brazilian 4 p.c. 1889 72½	Do. 2nd
Do W. of Minas 89½	Do. 3rd
"Chili 1888 .. 84	Nitrato Ord. 35½
Chinese 5 p.c. 1896 99	Acetated Bread .. 8½
Egyptian Unified 104½	Allsopp Ord. 29½
"Italian .. 101½	Asahi G. F. 2½
Jap. 5 p.c. 1896 86	Asahi G. F. 2½
Do 4 p.c. 74½	Asso. G. M. 2½
Per. Del. 93½	Barroto Consol. 2½
Do Pref. 99½	Champ. Reef
"Portuguese .. 61½	Chartered Consol. 1½
"Spanish 4 p.c. 1892 92½	City & S.W. Ry. 1½
"Spanish 4 p.c. (Sd) 86½	City & S.W. Ry. 1½
Turkish 4 p.c. Un. 85½	Gold S.A. 1½
Uruguay 5 p.c. 57	Gold S.A. 1½
Brighton Def. 122½	Gold S.A. 1½
Caledonian Def. 93½	Gold S.A. 1½
Central London. 91	Gold S.A. 1½
Chatham Ord. 106½	Gold S.A. 1½
Do Pref. 109	Gold S.A. 1½
Do 2nd Pref. 69	Gold S.A. 1½
Great Eastern .. 92½	Gold S.A. 1½
Gr. Northern Def. 41½	Gold S.A. 1½
Great Central A. 142	Gold S.A. 1½
Great Western .. 143½	Gold S.A. 1½
Metropolitan .. 97½	Gold S.A. 1½
District .. 382½	Gold S.A. 1½
Midland Pref. 69	Gold S.A. 1½
Do Def. 68	Gold S.A. 1½
North British Def. 49	Gold S.A. 1½
North Eastern .. 141½	Gold S.A. 1½
North Western .. 141½	Gold S.A. 1½
South Eastern Def. 61½	Gold S.A. 1½
South West. Def. 56½	Gold S.A. 1½
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Eric Shares	Gold S.A. 1½
Do Pref. 608	Gold S.A. 1½
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Daily Mirror

TUESDAY, JULY 5, 1904.

HAS THE LAW BLUNDERED?

Nothing touches the emotions like a suggestion of injustice. Nothing more quickly arouses fierce passion. We have lately seen France rent in twain by factions, one of which believed that Dreyfus was unjustly punished, while the other held stoutly to it that he really was a traitor to his country. And that was only a repetition of a famous case of more than a century before—the case of Jean Calas, who was executed for a crime of which the great Voltaire afterwards proved him to be entirely innocent—a case which attracted the attention of the whole civilised world.

It looks very much as if the question of Mrs. Maybrick's guilt or innocence would take rank in history with the tragedy of Jean Calas. As we showed yesterday, when we reprinted a striking article from Sunday's "New York World," and as our New York correspondent tells us again to-day, Americans are deeply moved by the thought that this fellow-countrywoman of theirs may have suffered unjustly these fifteen years in gaol.

In this country there are also an enormous number of people who believe her to be an innocent woman. The doubtfulness of the evidence to begin with; the repeated assertion of her counsel, Sir Charles Russell, afterwards Lord Russell of Killowen, that she did not kill her husband; the lenient attitude of the authorities towards her—all have combined to convince many minds that a horrible injustice has been committed.

Whether this be so or not, it is very difficult to say without making a very close study of the whole case. It is a calamity that we have no Court of Criminal Appeal, before which the whole evidence might have been laid for the purpose of revision. It is a disaster that our legal authorities are so bound by forms and traditions that they are not free to say whether they still hold her to be a murderer.

The very idea that a woman still young may possibly have been deprived of fifteen years of her life by a hideous judicial blunder fills the mind with anguish. Is there no way of revising the case, of making yet another attempt to clear the mystery up?

ON THE STROKE OF TWELVE.

His mind was not at ease. He shifted restlessly in his seat. He took up the evening paper, looked at it for a moment, put it down again.

Then he fell to making calculations upon a slip of paper. Then he consulted a bank-book which he took from his breast pocket. Then he seized the paper and feverishly tore something from it.

He wrote hurriedly upon it. Next he searched his pockets and produced an envelope, into which he crumpled what he had torn out. Now he sat kicking his heels in evident impatience, watching eagerly for the next station's lights.

Just as we ran into it midnight struck. He uttered a loud cry, dropped the envelope, and fled. I picked it up. It contained a "Times" subscription-bargain form.

And, if he had only known it, the station clock was five minutes fast!

A THOUGHT FOR TO-DAY.

"The late war," writes a very candid and successful officer, "was productive of more jobs than any of Marlborough's campaigns." "If you want to get on in the service," declares a soldier, who particularly wishes his observations to be set forth, "leave your regiment first; then get your aunt to call on Lady —, and give her a thumping subscription for one of her charities, and the thing is done."—*The Army on Itself* (Warne, 2s. 6d.).

THIS MORNING'S GOSSIP.

Ex-Lieutenant Bilse, whose novel showed up the evils of garrison life in Germany, who went to prison for daring to suggest that the Kaiser's army was not perfect, and who is now visiting London, is not at all the typical reformer to look at. "A nice boy," you say instinctively, as you note his frank, laughing eyes, his little blonde moustache, and his cheerful, healthy air generally. He neither talks nor understands English at all well as yet. But he means to learn.

Even as it is, he has a great notion of punning in English. No sooner does he learn a new word

question yesterday afternoon. Once before, when he was speaking in the Painted Chamber he gesticulated so wildly that he brought his fist down hard on the hat of the (then) Prince of Wales, who was sitting just in front of him. The Prince took it in very good part, but it was noticed afterwards that whenever Lord Wemyss rose to speak he hastily left the House.

There was much laughter in the House of Commons and the lobby yesterday over Sir Frederick Milner's correspondence with Mr. Robson, K.C., M.P. It all arose out of some remark by the latter about Mr. Gallagher and the Budget. Sir F.

excellent landlord on his Yorkshire property, and when he was obliged to give it up a few years ago the expressions of regret and sympathy were very genuine. His chief performance in politics was making public the fact that Mr. Gladstone went to the theatre after he had received the news of Gordon's death at Khartoum.

When Mr. Ismay joined the Shipping Trust, a cute observer said: "Well, Pierpont Morgan may be the head of it now, but Ismay never went into anything yet without coming up top dog. You wait and see." We have waited, and now we see. Mr. Ismay has absolute control of the whole "combine." He has a bigger position in the shipping world than any man has ever held before. And yet he is only one remove from an absolutely self-made man.

His grandfather was quite a small shipbuilder at Maryport, in Cumberland. His father had large ideas, went to Liverpool, and by the time he was thirty was in a position to buy up an old-established line, the White Star, which had fallen on bad times, and gradually work it up towards prosperity again. Then the present Ismay took it over, and has gone ahead ever since. He is a very silent man, though he has an engaging, open countenance and smiling eyes. He is married to an American, so he is just the man to run an International Trust.

As Commander of the "Buzzers" (so the Naval Volunteers are known on the Embankment in the neighbourhood of the Buzard), the Hon. Rupert Guinness is as much to the fore now as he was when he won the Diamonds and the Wingfields, or when he married Lord Onslow's pretty daughter, Gwendolen. He takes his new duties, though, as cheerily as he has taken life always. He has a most captivating smile, and he is getting fat at a rate which betrays him beyond all doubt a man who never worries. He did not even get thinner when he fought in South Africa.

As the future Lord Iveagh, he is destined to be enormously rich, but he will never be so well off as Father Healy, the famous Irish priest, to whom some shares in Guinness's were once offered as a gift by one who knew that his income was about £100 a year. "You're very kind," he replied, "but I've more than I can spend already!" Those whose wants are few are richer in reality than the millionaire. Rupert Guinness, however, is rich for a millionaire, since he has very simple tastes.

A MAN OF THE MOMENT.

The Grand Lama of Tibet.

In the hands of this young man, only just over thirty, lie the issues of peace and war.

If only he decides that British friendship is worth as much as Russian all will be well. Otherwise the sacro-sanctity of the secret city of Lhasa will soon be broken down by British troops.

The Grand Lama's expression is intelligent. For a Tibetan he has attractive features. He dresses in a voluminous roll of yellow silk and red wool, with a priest's hood over his head, and underneath can be seen many other garments of different-coloured silks.

He possesses incredible stores of jewels and gold ornaments, but he wears none save on very special occasions. He holds in his hands while he talks to you, however, a kind of rosary or bead chain, which has a religious significance like the Roman Catholic's rosary.

He is reputed to be full of political cleverness, and, indeed, he must be pretty astute to have got any power into his hands at all. As a rule, the Grand Lama is a child. The permanent officials choose him when he is quite a baby, and usually kill him off before he grows up, so that they can put another baby in his place and keep all the power to themselves.

Each new Lama is supposed to be a fresh incarnation of the last. When this one was very young he was taken to Lhasa with two other babies. They were all three claimants for the "sublime" post. The two others were discovered to be incarnations of devils, and this one had it as his own way. What became of the little "devils" nobody quite knows. They disappeared.

QUESTION AND ANSWER.

What Was the Origin of Henley Regatta, and When Was It Founded?

This picturesque river fête was established on March 26, 1839, by the "landed gentry and principal townspeople of Henley-on-Thames," who had convened a meeting in the Town Hall to discuss the increasing interest which was being taken in boat races, and to provide a suitable centre in which to hold them.

At first their chief thought was to benefit the town. Rowing interest was only a secondary consideration. As years rolled on, the Regatta increased in size and importance until now it attracts competitors from all over the world.



DARE HE DO IT?

We understand that since the meeting held last week to propose a tax on cats, Mr. Austen Chamberlain, Chancellor of the Exchequer, has received a deputation on the subject.

than he begins to see whether he cannot perpetrate a pun upon it! He is much happier with those people who will treat him light-heartedly as just an ordinary young man than with solemn old fogies who want to discuss Army Reform and the future of Germany. He means to write more books, but first he will go to Holland to stay with the young lady who translated his novel into Dutch. Perhaps there lie in that the seeds of a romance.

Dr. Herzl's death leaves Mr. Zangwill the leading figure in the Zionist movement for resettling the Jews in Palestine. He is very much in earnest about this scheme, and hopes that he may live to see the Temple rebuilt in Jerusalem and Jewish worship being carried on therein. After his marriage last November Mr. Zangwill went to Spain for some months. Just now he is living near Dover working up materials for a new play as well as a new book.

There is only one man who was ever known to have struck King Edward, and that is Lord Wemyss, who, in his eighty-sixth year, was vigorously addressing the House of Lords on the Yeomanry

Milner thought it was libellous, and challenged its repetition outside the House, so that an action could be based on it. Mr. Robson wrote back, saying he could not make out Sir F. Milner's signature, and that the address from which he wrote did not appear to exist!

This was a good beginning, and the correspondence went on increasing in acrimony until at last Sir F. Milner accused his fellow M.P. of having had too good a dinner before he made the statement complained of. To that Mr. Robson made no reply. He is a keen Radical and a hard-headed lawyer, but he loves a quiet life, and to that sort of argument there is no answer nowadays, since duelling has gone out. It is, therefore, best left alone.

Sir Frederick Milner is one of those members of Parliament whose importance is much greater in their own eyes than it is in those of anybody else. He is constantly volunteering violent and very often foolish opinions about matters with which he has really no concern. "Ah! the same," he was an

FRENCH MOTOR RACER KILLED.



Beconnais, the well-known French motor-racing driver, on the car—a 100-h.p. Darracq—on which he has been killed in an accident. In company with his mechanic, named Bernard, Beconnais was driving at racing speed when the tyre burst on the road between Bayonne and Eordeaux. The car crashed into some trees, and both men were killed immediately. Pieces of the car were found 100 feet away.—(Photograph by Underwood and Underwood.)

SOUTH AFRICANS FOR BISLEY.



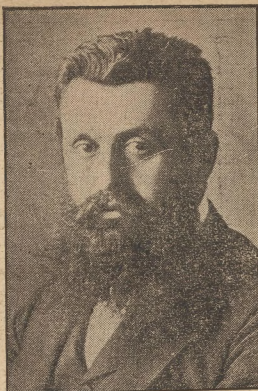
The Natal shooting team, now in England for the Bisley meeting.—(Photograph by Laurence, Farnborough.)

THE MOST BEAUTIFUL REACH ON THE THAMES.



Clivedon Woods, between Taplow and Cookham, the favourite reach on the Thames for holiday-makers, with boats leaving Cookham Lock.—(Photograph by Plümbe, Maidenhead.)

DR. HERZL DEAD.



Dr. Theodor Herzl, the founder of the movement to repatriate the Jews in Palestine, who has died in Vienna from inflammation of the lungs.—(Photograph by Elliott and Fry.)

AIRSHIP ACCIDENT.



Dr. Barton, who has been badly injured by the explosion of a gas generator while at work on the preparation of his airship for an ascent at the Alexandra Palace.—(Photograph by L. Caswall Smith.)

THEIR COMMON CALLING: ENGL



Officers of the English and German torpedo flotillas, photographed at the Emperor's. The German officers can be distinguished by the sword-belt outside the coat.

SOME OF THE HOUSEBOATS



Henley Regatta, which opened yesterday, promises to be near the course. The

Over
50
Bargains
on
page 16.



The attendant at the British Museum, who takes charge of the hats and coats. Few people know that he is James Hood, V.C., with whose heroism all England was ringing at the time of Rorke's Drift, in the Zulu War.



Mrs. H. A. Covell driving her small pony, Peter the Great, a tiny mite, inches high, in the Richmond Gymnasium.—(Photograph by W. A. Rouch.)

ISH AND GERMAN OFFICERS AT KIEL.



graphed together at Kiel during the King's visit to the German
he fact that they have no loop on the gold braid on the cuff, and
The torpedo-boats are moored at the quay.

CHESS TROPHY FOR M.P.'S.



The silver challenge trophy for the
House of Commons Chess Tournament.
The final is to be decided this week
between Mr. A. Bonar Law, M.P., the
donor, and Mr. J. S. Randles, M.P.

A STAGE FAVOURITE.



MISS BILLIE BURKE.
A charming comedy actress, who is a great favourite with
Londoners.—(Photograph by Ellis and Walery.)

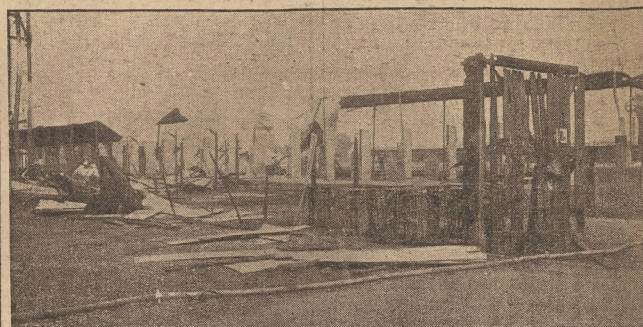
Our Post Market on page 16.

WHICH HAVE TAKEN THEIR PLACES FOR HENLEY.



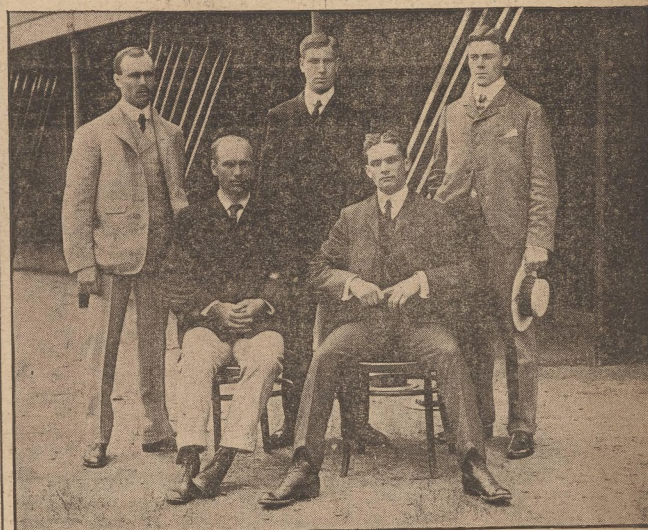
more popular this year than ever. Twenty-two house-boats and launches have taken up berths
the photograph shows some of the best-known boats.

EXHIBITION ON FIRE.



After the fire which destroyed a great part of the Midland Exhibition at Trent
Bridge, Nottingham. The fire started in the engine house and quickly spread to
and destroyed the toboggan and water-chute, and the grand stand of the Notts
Forest football ground, which adjoins the exhibition.—(Photograph by Kirk.)

CANADIAN OARSMEN AT HENLEY.



The crew of the Winnipeg Rowing Club, who are rowing at Henley Regatta.—
(Photograph by Moyse, Putney.)



The "Floral Temple of Japan," the flower stall at the open-air carnival in the
grounds of the Clifton Zoo. Sir George and Lady White are responsible for the idea
and the construction of the "Floral Temple," and Lady White, who is in the centre
of the photograph, presided at the stall. The fête is in aid of an open-air sana-
torium for consumption.—(Photograph by Ivor Castle.)

HENLEY MILLINERY OF THE MILKMAID TYPE.

RIVERSIDE FASHIONS.

SYLVAN HEADGEAR MADE FOR THE THAMES.

Washing hats and caps are the correct form of millinery to wear with washing frocks. They are beautiful trifles made of silk, machine-stitched, and exquisitely trimmed. Milkmaid bonnets of linen, with lace frills and flower wreaths; piqué hats with blossom aigrettes; hats of split bamboo, as light as a feather, that will scour clean in two minutes; hats, all of lace, built upon chiffon

frames; blue and pink gauze hats and sun-bonnets of every material and shape.

For rowing the simple cottage sun-bonnet is worn, with the frill at the back, all corded and stiffened and starched, just as a little baby girl's bonnet would be, and as your great-grandmother's was almost a century ago.

The milkmaid hat is sometimes a most expensive affair with its lace crown, its frill of Valenciennes lace round the rim, a wreath of hand-made roses, scented and quivering on silver stems, and a buckle

wire frame, with a frill of imitation Cluny or point d'esprit lace, and a wreath of wild roses and violets. And you can untrim it and take the lawn off and wash it so that it looks like new.

An unwritten law has it that Henley must see less conspicuously elaborate frocks than Ascot or Goodwood. But the accessories of the toilettes, which make or mar them, must be very well thought out. Sunshades are an important item, and are made of every known material from chiffon to cotton. The new handles are long and slender,

ways elaborate; in fact, the plain silk parasol will be re-duplicated a hundred times at Henley in soft tones, with bands of grass lawn at the edge, or of dotted silk.

Broderie Anglaise, a sturdy and serviceable river toilette trimming, forms not only the panels and ruffles of washing dresses, but of other gowns as well. Silk dresses have panels down the front carried out in this manner, and there are gowns with the sleeves, neckband, and yoke punched full of eyelet holes and worked very much as industrious girls worked the flounces of their underskirts many years ago.

Some of the new shoes have eyelet holes worked in heavy silk instead of being metal bound. The favourite leathers are patent leather, suede, and Russia. Inch-wide ribbons are used instead of the usual laces for pretty shoes.

FOOD STRENGTH.

Amazing Increase in Vigour Comes Through a Pure Food.

It is a common belief that by the use of animal food we can be perfectly nourished, and, if ill, brought back by it to health and strength.

An intelligent lady living in Sheffield writes in an interesting manner of her experience and the failure of the meat diet to restore her health.

When she changed and began using Grape-Nuts her recovery was remarkable, thus showing how perfectly this food meets the requirements, containing, as it does, those elements necessary to rebuild the brain and nerve tissues.

"Some years ago I became seriously ill; my occupation entailing much mental work; my brain became fagged, energies drooping, digestion was seriously impaired, insomnia asserted itself, and I completely broke down.

"A doctor attended me daily for four months, and then he said he could do no more. I consulted an eminent specialist, who amazed me by saying my state of health was caused by the wrong kind of food—insufficient in nourishment, and, in addition to his treatment, he put me upon what he termed a most nourishing diet, excluding heavy, indigestible articles, and stringently exacting flesh food twice daily.

"Certainly I benefited much under this specialist, was always up, and gained strength enough from his treatment to crawl out into the fresh air daily.

"Yet, strange to say, in this state I remained—a semi-invalid for years. I tried drugs, persevering with many advertised and highly-vouched cures. Hopeless, I threw drugs overboard, and crossed the Channel.

"My appetite was good and I earnestly sought health in every possible way, yet the change was only slightly beneficial. Returning to England I consulted a physician, who said I was a confirmed dyspeptic.

"Some time after, being attracted by newspaper letters from sufferers cured by Grape-Nuts, I made this food my chief article of diet, and during the last six months I have eaten it twice daily, in addition, substituting it for the ordinary cereals used in making milk puddings. The results far exceed my most sanguine expectations. There is an amazing increase in vitality, strength, and health. I have gained flesh.

"Grape-Nuts food has been slowly but surely building up the body, restoring the overtaxed digestion, inducing sleep, and finally has enabled me to recommence arduous mental work. Had I known of it sooner, what suffering, what a little fortune saved!

"Not only do I consider Grape-Nuts a perfect food, but as delicious and useful in forming the basis of an infinite variety of culinary dishes.

"I have the greatest pleasure in sending this testimony to the value of Grape-Nuts, and I hope it may lead to the recovery of the health and happiness of many who, like myself, have been brought to death's door by the wrong kind of food.

"The introducers of such an article of diet are indeed public benefactors, and I beg to tender them my most sincere and heartfelt gratitude. I shall have pleasure in giving dates, names of physicians, and all details, to you or anyone so desiring, that you may verify what is nothing less than a marvellous building up of the system through finding the right food." Name given by the Grape-Nuts Co., 66 and 67, Shoe-lane, E.C.

Dr. Lyon's PERFECT

Tooth Powder

Thoroughly cleanses the teeth and purifies the breath.

Used by people of refinement for over a quarter of a century.

Very convenient for tourists.

PREPARED BY THE EMINENT AMERICAN DENTIST

J. W. Lyon, D.D.S.

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and goods for SUMMER BLOUSES at special low prices. Write at once to G. R. Hutton & Co., Room 81, Larne, Ireland, for price list and free samples. LINENS, TOWELS, HANDKERCHIEFS, DRESS FABRICS, ETC., ETC.

VALÉRIE,

COURT MILLINER,

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ANNUAL SUMMER SALE

NOW PROCEEDING.

All Models reduced to half-price and sent on approval upon receipt London trade reference or deposit.

SCENTED VEILS - - - - 1/6
MOTOR and LARGE VEILS - 2/6

VALÉRIE, 12, New Burlington St., Regent St., W.

Hay Fever.

"Science Siftings," the great authority on the purity of foods and drugs, says:—"Recent experiments have proved to us that Icilma Natural Water sprayed into the Nostrils is a cure for and preventive of hay-fever." Icilma Water soothes and cures mosquito and goat bites quicker than any artificial remedy. Bottles, 6d. and 1s.—ICILMA CO., Ltd. (Dept. B), 149, Gray's Inn-road, London, W.C.

MAUD BAKER

(From KATE REILEY),

Begs to offer a Special Made Corset to Measure, from One Guinea. The latest from Paris. Hours 10 to 5.

125, MARYLEBONE ROAD, N.W.



Simplicity is the key-note of the most effective Henley hats. The bonnet shown at the top is made of coarse corn-gold straw, and has a saah of poppy-red taffetas round the crown, tied in big bows at the back. Beneath is illustrated a very popular new model, made of convolvulus blue chip, with a band of velvet of a darker shade threaded through a gilt buckle at the back, and beneath the brim a soft muslin flounce.

of carved gold or old silver, and rich moiré ribbon strings.

Some of the loveliest are made in the Pompadour colours. One has a crown of silver-blue chiffon, a brim of Tuscan straw, and then a wreath of hand-made Pompadour roses reaching a frill of lace narrow at the front and sides and some four inches deep at the back, with a fall of rose leaves and stems veiling it. But you can buy a simpler milkmaid hat of stitched lawn, if you like, drawn over a

and are often made of natural wood, or wood painted to match the parasol cover in colour, frequently seen.

But many of the delicately tinted parasols—for example, those in blue, pink, yellow, and lavender—have green handles, carrying out the suggestion of flowers of various hues. In fact, green handles are among the fads of the season. Porcelain, glass, crystal, carved ivory, and gold and silver balls or knobs finish the green sticks. Parasols are not al-

The Premier's Daughter

By ALICE and CLAUDE ASKEW.

CHAPTER XXIX. (continued.)

"It is pretty certain that you can make a man suffer through his child." Philip Denzil repeated Carew's words slowly to himself, and they set him thinking, for he foresaw danger in them to his son and his son's wife, for he quite clearly guessed the train of the other's thought.

"What do you mean by that last speech of yours?" he asked, quickly, facing Paul Carew anxiously, his thin hands clutching each other tightly, eagerness to learn the truth apparent in his expression and voice.

"Tell me the truth," he asked, impetuously. "That is all I ask of you—the truth."

"You are welcome to it," came the careless reply, "though I fear you will find it unpalatable. I shall have to let the cat out of the bag, you know, Denzil, if Robert Chevenix runs well in my double harness, for the man must suffer, his pride must have a fall, and he's proud of that haughty daughter of his—deuced proud. How would he like it proclaimed in every halfpenny rag that she's the daughter-in-law of a convict, that her fine husband, known to the world as Mr. John Heron, is in reality the son of a convict, that Philip Denzil, who escaped from Princetown—most likely got caught in a swamp on Dartmoor, sucked down to his death?"

"Would you do that, even that?" asked Philip Denzil quietly. "What has my son done to you that you should think of blasting his future so cruelly, and of wrecking his whole career? Are you not above having a less than nothing man? Paul Carew, you would never betray the secret of my son's parentage? I know you better than you know yourself."

"Why should I spare your son if he can help me in any way to my revenge? And as to his being innocent of crime or trespass, what does that matter to me? Nothing, no less than nothing." Carew snapped his fingers lightly in the air. "Besides, doesn't the Bible tell us that the innocent have to suffer for the guilty? Why should John Heron escape the toll of fate any more than I did? Understand me, Denzil, I have no wish to hurt your son, but if I need him, I shall use him—even if it breaks the javelin to throw it, you understand."

"I understand," replied the other slowly, and then he sat down on the elbow chair, and likewise gazed into the fire, moody and silent.

After a time Paul Carew drew a small glass phial from his waistcoat pocket and regarded it steadily. Something in his face attracted the other man's notice, and he looked at him apprehensively. At last Carew spoke, fingering the phial tenderly.

"If I swallow the contents of this small phial your son and his wife will be quite safe from any harm I might do them—there is a big thought for you, Philip Denzil. You, who love your son, think, man; a few drops, possibly drunk, and that wife of mine would be left undisturbed to her honey-moon happiness, a most glad-hearted and smiling widow." He was talking in a low, half-sing-song voice, and holding the phial out so as to allow the freelight to flash on it, and to give a sparkle to the pale, colourless fluid it contained. Denzil shivered, the whole scene having the effect upon him of an evil dream. After a brief pause the other went on—

"Robert Chevenix, too, the serene smiling idol of his nation, he would sleep all the sounder if he learnt that my slumber would be for all eternity; and as for the sister of mine, the woman he had to marry, ha! I tell you, there, why she would fold her hands and thank the very devil himself, if she thought the green turf covered me. Even you, good friend, even you, how would you weigh my life or your son's social ruin? Which do you set the highest price on?" He held up the phial as he spoke, competing with it as with death.

Philip Denzil shuddered, for he had no doubt, no doubt at all, that the man facing him would cheerfully sacrifice John Heron, if by so doing he could gratify his craving for revenge and drag down Robert Chevenix's child; and as he thought this, the desire that Paul Carew should drink of the phial and die came strong upon him. Each must turn to his own, and the father's heart turned to his son, and something of this shone out in his glittering eyes, and expressed itself in his clenched hands. Carew read him like a book, read him, and laughed bitterly.

"Ah, you want my death, too. I've fed you and warmed you, but you desire my death, and I don't blame you; why should I? The parental instinct must always be stronger than mere gratitude. Well, shall I oblige you all, and drink good-night to myself? I really might as well," he leaned forward, looking at Philip Denzil curiously; "to be, or not to be." He repeated the words with slightly mocking intonation. "After all, I believe death to mean little more than endless sleep, and it is good to sleep, good. What's the use of my life to me?" He turned on Denzil furiously. "The salt has lost its savour; I believe in nothing, care for nothing, hope for nothing, want nothing. Life has become a mere grey wall, and when I knock my head against it, I see red; and what the use even of seeing red? It does harm to other people, and no good to oneself. There's a devil in me, Denzil, a devil—and I can't throw it out. Goodness knows, I was kind-hearted once, honest and just in all my dealings; but that was before Princetown, before every-

thing." His eyes got dark and sombre in ex-

pression. "Let's kill the devil, let's kill the devil slowly, 'he will die when I die; he is myself.' There was a long, terrible pause, a pause during which the two men looked at each other steadily. All at once, and for no particular reason, the dog howled—a long, melancholy howl, long drawn out, and finally dying away into a low, sobbing moan. This roused Philip Denzil as nothing else could, and made him see things as they were. The howl of the dog brought old death warnings to his mind, and made him realise the vast mystery attendant on the last journey, and all the awe and terror the heart of man associates with death, and, most of all, with death unshriven and impenitent.

He must save Paul Carew from this; to such man his own death hour as his own birth hour, and woe to the man who pulls down the black curtain and strangles life in its folds.

"You shall not," he cried, rising from his chair with a new force and strength, and wresting the phial from the other's hand. "Life and death belong to God—no, you shall not tempt me, even in my son's name, to witness the crime of self-destruction." He hurled the phial into the heart of the fire as he spoke, and it shivered against the bars, breaking into a thousand fragments, and sprinkling the flames with its contents as with a baptism of spray.

Denzil stood up triumphant for a second, watching his work, and then he sank back, limp and exhausted, into his chair, trembling in every limb, his brow dank and moist.

Paul Carew bent forward and gazed hard at him, a curious light shining in his eyes; then he gave way to one of his fearful fits of wild, uncontrollable laughter.

"Suppose," he said between the loud bursts, "that your fine and dramatic piece of work has all been wasted; dear old man, did you really think me fool enough to meditate suicide? How charming of you to save me from such rashness, but," and here his laughter got more shrill and violent, "what if the phial only contained pure water—what do you say to that?"

"Oh, you mocking devil," interrupted the other, "you do not know what it is to fight down a sore temptation or you would never jest with me like this. Water or poison, I risked my son's happiness to save your life, and then you tell me that the phial only contained water—water!" he repeated the word scornfully.

"Softly," explained the other, bending forward and taking Philip Denzil's hand in his, and wringing the fingers tightly, as if in a sudden access of gratitude. "Remember, I only said—suppose—only suppose."

They glanced at each other again, and then the matter dropped. About two weeks later, Paul Carew left his kennel. He waved his hand to the silent figure standing by the door, and spoke cheerfully:—

"If the East swallows me up, remember that the kennel and all I own in the world is yours; but I think I shall return; Denzil; I think I shall return."

CHAPTER XXX. Margaret at "Oakfields."

Margaret Chevenix stood wistful and wet-eyed in the heart of a deep wood. She had now been married about three months, and the season of the year was late May.

For the first time for long years she was in a wood, and the scent of the spring recalled many memories, most of them bitter-sweet and tinged with sad melancholy. She was staying in Berkshire, for Robert Chevenix had a small place there, a place hardly deserving the name of a property, and it was his habit to run down to it for weekends, to bathe his brain in the cool of the green, as he used to say, and to draw a little fresh air into his lungs. He had come down now for the Easter recess, and, naturally, his wife had come with him.

Under other circumstances the quaint grey stone house would have rejoiced Margaret and refreshed her weary soul, for it was a truly delightful home. It stood in a small park famous for its fine oaks, and from that fact, perhaps, the house was christened "Oakfields."

Margaret had wandered through the garden that morning before she took her languid way to the wood, for she felt strangely weak and languid, tired and ill. She had now been at "Oakfields" about four days, and they had passed like an hour. Miss Grizel and Miss Jean had, after all, not shaken out their intention of shunning the dust from their shoes and flying from Portland-square. Miss Grizel had recognised, after the first day, that it would be absurd to expect such a quiet, shadowy person as Margaret to take control of the big establishment, and she had accordingly remained.

Neither Miss Grizel nor Miss Jean, however, had come down this time to Oakfields. They had remained on in Portland-square, to allow the new-made husband and wife to have a fortnight alone together, and no guests invaded this solitude of two; yet Margaret had seen little of Robert Chevenix during the few days they had been in Hertfordshire.

She sat down on the soft, springy moss, and leant against a beech tree, and gave herself up to her thoughts. She thought of Robert Chevenix.

Even as she thought of the man, his shadow looming large across her mental horizon, she heard the crackling of twigs, the swaying of bushes, and Robert Chevenix himself stood in front of her.

(To be continued to-morrow.)

PETER ROBINSON'S,

OXFORD-ST.

SUMMER SALE THIS DAY.

The Most Popular Sale in London.

AN IMMENSE VARIETY OF FASHIONABLE GOODS AT REMARKABLE REDUCTIONS.

SILK COSTUMES.

18 Soft Black Taffeta Glacé Silk Costume Skirts, latest style, worth 4½ guineas.

Sale Price, 4/11.

Four yards of silk for bodice, 12s. extra.

800 Best-quality Glacé Silk Petticoats, all shade, well made, black, white, and all shades. Worth 31s. 6d.

Sale Price, 15/6.

MATERIAL COSTUMES.

16 Model Gowns, including the latest productions from Paris and Vienna. Usual Prices 15 to 40 guineas.

Sale Prices, 6½ to 12 guineas.

270 Smart Tailor-made Boleros and Skirts, in Tweeds, Serges, Flannels, etc., all coats lined Silk. Usual prices, 52s. 6d. to 94s. 6d.

Sale Price, 29/6.

MANTLES.

120 Black Silk Lace, Canvases, and Cloth Jackets and Mantles. All this season's garments. Usual prices, 4 to 9 guineas.

Sale Price, 29/6.

80 Scotch Tweed Inverness Capes, full length, best tailor cut and finish.

Sale Price, 28/6.

MILLINERY.

Model Hats and Toggles at half-prices. The new high-crowned Hats in all colours, finest tegral Straw—

Sale Price, 8/11.

Newest Shapes in Motor Hats and Caps, all colours.

Special Sale Price, 4/11.

SILK BLOUSES.

100 Very Stylish Blouses in Rich Bright Silk, embroidered medallions and lace insertion, in black and many colours. Usual price, 29s. 6d.

Sale Price, 16/11.

300 Fashionable Jap Silk Slips, with new sleeves and yoke in ivory, black, and all the leading colours. Usual price, 19s. 6d.

Sale Price, 12/9.

SUNSHADES.

Rich Glacé Silk Sunshades with Grass Lawn Border, also embroidered and applique work. Usual Prices 11s. 9d. to 27s. 9d.

Sale Prices, 8/11 to 15/9.

450 Sunshades in fancy stripes, checks, and Chinoé silks; also black and white. Usual prices, 12s. 9d. to 29s. 6d.

Sale Prices, 4/11 to 10/9.

UNMADE DRESS ROBES.

450 Charming Linen Robes.

Sale Price, 14/6.

Beautiful Voile Robes.

Sale Price, 25/6.

250 Hand-embroidered Linen Blouse Lengths. Usual prices, 12s. 11d. and 22s. 6d.

Sale Prices, 6/11 & 8/11.

SILKS.

1,780 Yards Coloured Fancy Foulards, Striped and Checked Silks, exceptional value; Usual prices 1s. 11½d. and 2s. 11½d.

Sale Price, 1/6½ per yard.

1,970 Yards Fancy Spot Shantung, striped Mousseline, and checked Louise, exquisite shades. Usual prices, 1s. 6½d. and 1s. 11½d.

Sale Price, 1/0½ per yard.

LACE ROBES.

25 Unmade Alençon-Lace Robes, soft beige colour, with material for bodice and sleeves; Usual price, 59s. 6d.

Sale Price, 29/6.

387 High-class Morning Shirts in fancy zephyrs and cambrics, tailor-made. Usual prices, 7s. 6d. to 12s. 9d.

Sale Prices, 5/9 to 6/4½.

TEA GOWNS.

35 Accordian-pleated Nun's-veiling Tea Gowns, daintily trimmed with large collar of cream net and lace.

Special Sale Price, 21/9.

240 Accordian-pleated Nun's-veiling Breakfast Jackets, trimmed cream lace and insertion.

Sale Price, 9/11.

GLOVES AND VESTS.

115 Doz. three-button Real Suede Gloves in beavers, greys, and browns. Usual price, 2s. 11d. per pair.

Sale Price, 1/9½, or 3 pairs for 5/-

120 Dozens of Ladies' White Pure Lisle Thread Undervests, or Corset Covers. Usual price, 1s. 11½d.

Sale Price, 1/- each or three for 2/11.

LADIES' SHOES.

Walking Shoes in various styles, Oxfords and with straps, black and brown Glacé Kid. Usual price, 12s. 11d.

Sale Price, 8/11 per pair.

Glacé Kid Shoes, in black and brown, cut with high peak tab and fitted with steel slide. Usual price, 14s. 11d.

Sale Price, 10/9 per pair.

GREAT SUMMER SALE THIS DAY

AT

PETER ROBINSON'S, OXFORD-ST.

GREAT MEN AND THEIR "TUBS."

Mr. Balfour Reads a French Novel in His Turkish Bath, "C.-B." Takes Hard-Boiled Eggs, and the Laureate Recites Poetry.

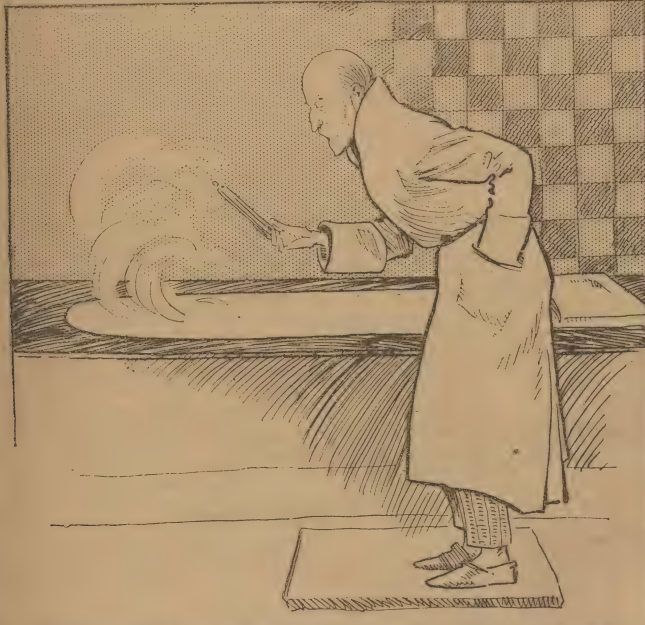
The *Daily Mirror* Commissioner's effort to discover something bizarre and fanciful in the baths of great men has proved a sad failure. As in their jewellery and in their clothes, so in their matutinal ablutions there is a Spartan rigour and a wide waste of monotonous uniformity. All great men, concerning whom the *Mirror* has inquired, bathe themselves in water, leaving wine to decadent Roman Emperors, and milk to the Marquis of Angleser.

Mr. Chamberlain believes in cold water. His morning bath is filled the night before, so that he

takes steam baths, and regards the dry Turkish bath as an abomination. He is critical on the subject of soap.

Most soldiers seem to stick to the good old-fashioned cold-tub. Sir Redvers Buller gave it up some time ago on the score of rheumatism, but soon abandoned tepid water, finding it did no good. Lord Roberts invariably takes a warm bath before retiring to rest, and in the morning generally lies down for ten minutes after his tub.

General Pole-Carew's favourite is the shower-bath. He has a portable apparatus for producing showers, which is known to his relatives as "Jupiter Pluvius." General Baden-Powell's bath is chiefly



Sir Francis Jeune is very particular as to the temperature of his warm bath.

may enjoy a plunge the moment he awakes. He abjures the British tub, preferring to immerse himself altogether. His bath is brief, businesslike, and unpoetical. He is inclined to splash.

Mr. Balfour has the chill taken off, and can afford to be more leisurely. He takes his private letters into his bathroom, where he generally spends twenty minutes. When not engaged in Parliament he has a warm bath before dressing for dinner. At Whittingham he has a Turkish bath cabinet which he uses frequently, reading a French novel to while away the time, and its accessories simple. As becomes the wielder of Neptune's trident, he likes salt water, and often creates a miniature ocean by the addition of a much-advertised "sea-salt." Like Mr. Chamberlain he splashes, leaving after him what is scripturally described as "water spilt on the ground which cannot be gathered up again."

"C.-B.'s" CURIOUS PICK-ME-UP.

Mr. Winston Churchill tubs, using a hard brush. He has a singular resisting power to cold. The bath of Mr. Arnold-Forster is taken with dignity and leisure. The Secretary for War cannot stand cold water—in the flesh; in the spirit he will have to stand it.

Sir Henry Campbell-Bannerman's ablutions are carried out slowly in a hip bath. He uses a preparation described by its advertiser as "invigorating," and invigorates himself still further by partaking, while still in the water, of two hard-boiled eggs, which are brought in to him by his valet.

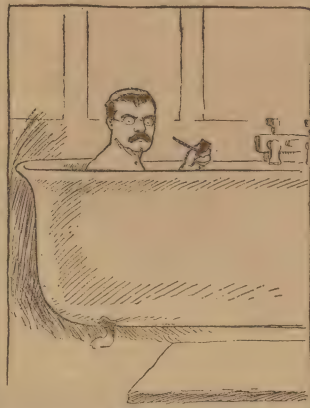
Lord Curzon, when in England, dips in cold water; in India he takes his warm bath, finding that cold water produces a weakening reaction. He has a newspaper stand in his bathroom, and turns over the pages of the Indian journals while drying himself. Lord Grey uses bathing-time for making memoranda on half-sheets of notepaper of his engagements for the day.

Mr. Lloyd-George, Mr. John Redmond, and the Hon. Alfred Lyttelton take their baths in winter "with the chill off." Mr. Redmond usually spends half an hour over the bathing operation, and makes notes for his speeches. Sir Gilbert Parker has an exceptionally big bath, which he likes to picture as the sea, making great waves to the detriment of the ceilings underneath. Mr. Henry Norman, M.P.,

notable for the hard wear undergone by his flesh-brushes.

Sir Francis Jeune takes his bath warm, and is extremely particular as to temperature, testing it with a thermometer. He uses curd soap. Mr. Lawson Walton, K.C., tubs; he is fond of hard towels and vigorous rubbing. Sir Edward Carson is unable to stand cold in any form. He takes his bath warm, and dries himself before a fire in winter. When unable to sleep he has a very hot bath during the night. Many of the persons with whom he deals professionally are also in hot water.

Archdeacon Sinclair has only lately given up stone-cold baths. He is remarkable for the size of his bath-towels. The Rev. R. J. Campbell usually begins with hot water, which he cools gradually. He is very absent-minded, and, for-



Mr. Rudyard Kipling always takes his pipe into his bath.

getting that he has pulled the plug, sometimes finds himself sitting in his bath without any water. Dr. Adler has his baths warm. General Booth uses an old-fashioned hip-bath. A preacher of a very different type, Dr. Dowie, once declared that Zionists should use only sufficient water to reach to the ankles, as "only pigs and pressmen wallowed in more." Whether he personally observes this rule the *Mirror* representative was unable to ascertain.

Ranjitsinhji and Warner are both cold tubbers. The Indian Prince has a native preparation which he puts into his bath after a hard day's bathing. Otto Madden is superstitious on the subject of bathing, believing that it portends a bad day to get into his bath right foot first. "Morny" Cannon's solicitude is confined to the item of towels, which he requires to be of a peculiar texture, and has



Lord Selborne, quite rightly as First Civil Lord of the Admiralty, likes salt in his bath.

made to order. Tod Sloan, before getting in, consecrates his bath-water with a small bottle of eau de Cologne.

Mr. Hall Caine proceeds to his bath in a Japanese kimono and a particularly fetching pair of slippers, sent him some time ago by a lady admirer. He has his bathroom window open, summer and winter, and follows Sandow's advice that it is a good policy not to dry oneself. He never takes very hot baths. Mr. J. M. Barrie's bath is cold, three dips and out being the rule. Mr. Kipling invariably



Mr. Hall Caine on his way to his bath is a gorgeous sight in a Japanese kimono and brilliant slippers.

enters his bathroom with a pipe in his mouth, and leaves it in the same way. He sometimes calls out for matches.

The Poet Laureate purifies himself in tepid water, in which he remains a portentous time. He is said to spend some of it repeating passages from Shakespeare, and has been known to thrust his head out of the door and ask for paper and pencil.

Of wealthy bathers, Mr. William Waldorf Astor is the most modest. At Cliveden he has a silver bath adorned with cupids, but he prefers to use a yellow tub of small value. The Marquis of Anglesey's soap comes from Paris in large boxes, and the preparations for his bath are a matter of concern to neighbouring cows. The Duke of Westminster has his bath artificially cooled in summer, and uses crested towels.

The Tsar takes what the Russians call a "toob," and expects his attendants to do likewise. When at Livadia he bathes regularly in the sea from a pretty three-roomed bathing box.

HUNTING THE BARGAIN.

Summer Sales Attract Hordes of Fair Besiegers.

BOW BEATS BRIXTON.

The early incoming trains from the suburbs yesterday were packed to the doors with enthusiastic females of all sizes and ages, bound for the annual summer drapers' sales.

All the large West End firms, including Peter Robinson's, Debenham and Freebody, T. J. Harries and Co., and Thos. Wallis and Co., advertised wonderful bargains to be obtained, from rich ostrich feather stoles at 49s. 6d., to boxes of twelve handkerchiefs for 1s. 0½d.

The fact that the sales were to last throughout July did not seem to be appreciated by the large concourse of ladies who hurried along from the various London termini as if their lives depended on getting to the shops before their neighbours.

First comers, who were formed into queues before 8 a.m., buoyed themselves up with the belief that they would get the pick of the goods, and there was a grand charge when the doors were opened.

Women in the humbler walks of life carried provision bags containing huge sandwiches, chunks of bread and butter, buns, and apples, for sustenance during their prolonged ramble in the stores.

Many of them had five or six young children apiece, who added to the confusion by getting lost periodically and playing "Ring a ring of roses" between the legs of dignified indignant shop walkers.

Much-Suffering Adoniss.

It was a pathetic sight to see the Adoniss of the silk department of one West End house struggling with a number of tanners' wives from Bermondsey, who insisted in wrapping silk remnants around their ample forms to see how the particular shades agreed with their complexion.

The children made themselves happy by piling all the goods they could lay hands upon into heaps on the floor, playing tug of war with the tails of the floor-walkers' coats, and generally getting in everyone's way.

At one shop five ladies from the classical suburb of Brixton had a mirror held over a peacock-tinted parasol, adorned with golden sunflowers and deep red roses.

This wonderful creation was marked down at 4s. 1½d., and was the only one of its kind. When the sales lady opened it in an ungarded moment there was a chorus of admiring "Oh my's" and then a determined rush ensued, which swept the girl off her feet and landed her in a huge basket of moreen underskirts which were being given away for 2s. 1½d.

After a fierce struggle the highly-coloured parasol was triumphantly carried off by a newcomer, an Amazonian lady from "Bow," who said she intended to take it on the annual outing of the master bargainsellers of Blackwall and paralyse several of her upstart neighbours.

In the early hours the heat was not so oppressive in the shops, but towards noon it was intolerable, and the shop-assistants looked weary of life, while the floor-walkers were too limp to utter "Silks forward," and had not the strength to place chairs.

The fine weather lent additional impetus to the bargain rushes, and hundreds of people got tired of waiting to get a chance at the counters and gave up in despair.

There will be plenty of opportunity before the end of the month, as the shops are open from 8 a.m. till 6 p.m., but those who want the select bits must be first in the field.

THUNDERBOLT SCHMIDT.

Russian Babies Christened with High-Sounding War Names.

(FROM OUR OWN CORRESPONDENT.)

Moscow, Monday.

Russian peasants, much to the disgust of the priests, are beginning to christen their babies with names derived from personages and places at the front.

Some days ago at Orel a baby was christened with the strange name of "Vladivostok." "Artur," a name unknown in Russia before the war, has now become quite popular.

According to the local papers, several unfortunate children of Volodga now bear the name of "Retvizan"; and in this city yesterday the child of a carpenter named Schmidt was carried out of the Vosnesensk Church for ever afflicted with the Christian name of "Gromobol," which means "Thunderbolt."

"Liao-yang" and "Kiulencheng," according to the "Viestnik," were chosen by an Odessa mother for her two girls. The priest pretended not to understand, and baptised them Liuba and Katherina.

As five men were getting out of a boat at Nine Elms Pier, the boat was upset, and all were thrown into the water. One man named Crane was drowned.

MOTOR TRIALS.

Further Entries Include Mr. T. B. Browne, Mr. Chas. Friswell, and Mr. Archibald Campbell.

TOTAL OF FOURTEEN CARS.

The rough outline of the novelties comprised in the *Mirror's* non-stop trial of motor-cars, large and small, which have been confidentially conveyed to motorists—pending the official sanction of the Automobile Club—has excited great interest and enthusiasm.

Mr. Friswell's Baby.

Meantime, Mr. Friswell writes as follows:—

(To the Editor of the *Daily Mirror*.)

Seeing that you are about to get up some "non-stop" motor trials, I shall be pleased to enter the little voiturette known as the "Baby" Peugeot, provided the rules, regulations, and conditions are satisfactory.

I think the public want to be assured that the small voiturette costing under £200 is capable of reliability and long-distance non-stop runs rather than machines of higher power, and which are every day being proved to do long distances without stops. So many people have the idea that a good motor-car cannot be bought under £500-£600, which is quite erroneous. C. FRISWELL.

1, Albany-street, N.W., July 2.

That section of the public which is on the lookout for a really reliable small car, will watch with great interest the performances of the "pony-carriage" class of motor-car, as at present represented in the list of entries by Mr. Letts's Oldsmobile and Mr. Friswell's "Baby" Peugeot.

The James and Browne.

Mr. T. B. Browne, who, as an amateur, drove a car in the famous 1,000 miles trial of 1900, has sent the *Mirror* the following letter, in which he intimates his intention to enter one of the James and Browne cars, which he and friends have designed, built, and placed on the market. The car has interesting features and has many admirers.

(To the Editor of the *Daily Mirror*.)

We always make a point of publicly proving the perfection of our petrol cars by running them in various reliability trials, and I shall, therefore, be glad to enter a car for your proposed trial provided the dates and conditions are suitable.

T. B. BROWNE (Director).

395, Oxford-street, W., July 2.

The Beaufort Car.

Mr. Archibald Campbell enters a Beaufort car, and, as will be seen from the following letter, agrees with the *Mirror* as to the value of non-stop trials:

(To the Editor of the *Daily Mirror*.)

We are glad to see that you are taking up the question of the reliability of motor-cars, as, in our opinion, this is far more important than speed tests. We shall certainly hope to enter one or two Beaufort cars for the trials being organised by you, and will forward the names of the drivers in due course.

ARCHIBALD CAMPBELL.

p.p. The Beaufort Motor-Car Co.

14, Baker-street, W., July 2.

Fourteen Entries.

The provisional entries now total fourteen, viz.:

1. Mr. Charles Jarrott, probably a De Dietrich car.
2. Mr. S. F. Edge, probably a Napier car.
3. Mr. H. Austin, a Wolsley car.
4. Mr. William Letts, an Oldsmobile.
5. Mr. William Letts, probably a Crossley car.
6. Mr. A. Rawlinson, a Darracq car.
7. Mr. J. W. Stocks, a De Dion car.
8. Mr. Amott, a Simm's car.
9. Mr. Moffat Ford, a Decauville car.
10. Mr. Ernest Instone, a Daimler car.
11. Mr. Claude Watney, a "C. G. V." or a "Pipe" car.
12. Mr. T. B. Browne, a James and Browne car.
13. Mr. Charles Friswell, a "Baby" Peugeot.
14. Mr. Archibald Campbell, a Beaufort car.

"Yellow Peril" Appeal to Simple Surrey Labourers.

The Chertsey division of Surrey has broken out into an eruption of yellow, purple, and blue ribbons to mark its final stage in the fun of a by-election.

Bicycles and babies, maidens and motors, doors and door-knockers are all decorated. A dog fight between animals wearing hostile favours is one of the accidental incidents of this ribbon campaign.

The Chertsey division, to the representation of which Lord Bingham and Mr. Sadler aspire, is a twenty-mile square tract of country covered with villages and studded with small towns. Hitherto the villagers have ignored the election. Hay was being got in, and the only anxiety from which they suffered was caused by delays in remittance of their periodic beer. Now, owing to the Liberal campaign, the village labourer is a changed man, who thinks uneasily about Chinese labour.

Why Radical "Stories."

By some means only known to expert electioneering people he has begun to believe that his occupation is menaced by Chinamen at a shilling a day. This and a loaf, which he is assured will presently cost anything from a shilling upwards, have made him desperate with a sense of deep wrong. His suspicions were confirmed by the recent progress of imitation Chinamen on bicycles throughout the constituency, in which the future horror of his position was brought home to him.

In the towns of the constituency the contest proceeds in a lighter vein. Everyone just now is being taught to recoil with horror because a picture postcard of Lord Bingham bears the words "Printed in Germany." Seventy soldiers who fought in South Africa protest against Chinese labour, an act which is invested with an awful significance by being recorded upon posters. Each day brings forth a death-blow to Lord Bingham, who by some mysterious means goes on his way with a most infuriating calm.

When the joys of the day are past, one portion of Chertsey does not go to bed, but devotes itself to placarding the houses of other people with political literature contrary to their convictions.

TO-DAY AT HENLEY.

Only One International Entry for This Year's Races.

Along the new road, which runs direct from the new railway station at Henley to the river, a gaily-dressed crowd will be seen to-day, hurrying to the scene of the racing.

There is no Irishman enclosure this year, so Phyllis Court will be thronged with those who find their greatest pleasure in the many enjoyments the bank affords. And, in fact, there are few better spots from which to see the racing than the lawn of the Court.

The racing itself will, in all probability, not provide anything very exceptional, either for excitement or interest. Though St. John's did so well in the Oxford eights they have not shown startling form at practice on the Henley course.

Our cousins of Canada have sent the Winnipeg four to represent them in the Stewards' Cup, and, as it is the only event with an international entry, they will be received with enthusiasm.

The *Mirror* boat will be on the course, easily distinguished by its yellow flags with black lettering.

Although the Henley Royal Regatta does not officially commence until to-day, owing to the numerous entries in the Diamond Sculls, two heats had to be rowed yesterday afternoon. There was a very large crowd along the towpaths. The wind was of the Bucks shore, and consequently the station favoured the men on that side.

In the first race Guy Rixon (Kingston R.C.) beat St. George Ashe after a rather easy race by a dozen lengths. Time, 9min. 15sec.

Considerable interest was manifested at the meeting of L. F. Scholes, the Canadian, and A. Stuart (Kingston). They started on level terms, and were together for a minute, after which Scholes took the lead. At the half-mile Scholes led by half a length, and passed Faxley in 4min. 10sec. At the end of a mile he led by a length, and then, rowing easily, drew away, eventually winning by five lengths. Time, 9min. 15sec.

All the crews continued their practice, although very little important work was done. The Cairns Eight ran into the piles, and smashed an ear. Kingston made their first appearance on the Regatta Course.

CAMBRIDGE LEMONADE

Universal Cookery GOLD Royal Albert Hall, & Food Exhibition, MEDAL April, 1904.

As Good as Chivers' Jellies

DR. ANDREW WILSON.

"Cambridge Lemonade is well known to me, and I can thoroughly recommend it as a most agreeable beverage. It is prepared from selected Lemons, and contains no added acid. Cambridge Lemonade cannot be surpassed."

HIGHEST AWARD.

"After a series of careful tests, the Jurors awarded the Gold Medal to Cambridge Lemonade, shown for the first time at this Exhibition, which is under the distinguished patronage of H.M. the King." April 29, 1904. *Grocers' Journal*.

5½d. per Bottle, sufficient to make 2 Gallons.

CHIVERS & SONS, Ltd., HISTON, CAMBRIDGE.

FIRST ENGLISH FRUIT GROWERS' JAM FACTORY.

ECZEMA OF THE FACE AND NECK IS CURED BY 'ANTEXEMA'

TEST IT FREE OF CHARGE.

As most of the oil glands are on the face and neck it is these parts that are affected by such humiliating Skin Troubles as blackheads, blotches, pimples and face spots. If you have Eczema or any annoying Skin Trouble, the Antexema Treatment will certainly cure it and take away every disfigurement.

Mr. H. writes:—"I had Acne for three years, and 'Antexema' cured me." Mr. R. D. writes:—"After suffering untold torture for three weeks the first dressing of 'Antexema' relieved the burning, and I had a good night's rest." Mr. M. R. writes:—"I used

'Antexema' and the pimples disappeared as if by magic."

The number of letters testifying to the value of "Antexema" is great. Some are given in a pamphlet, and show the enormous number of skin troubles cured by "Antexema." The one expressed by the writers is that they did not know of "Antexema" sooner. These genuine testimonials can be seen at our offices. Where you should find them.

Before and after use.

One 1/12 Bottle

is enough to work many cures, and should find a place in every home. "Antexema" is sold in bottles by Chemists and Stores at 1s. 1d. and 2s. 6d., or post free in plain wrapper for 1s. 2d. by The Antexema Co. Write, naming "Daily Mirror," and enclosing stamped envelope, and receive (1) A generous Free Trial of "Antexema," (2) A valuable treatise on Skin Troubles, (3) Two hundred testimonials to "Antexema."

ANTEHEMA CO., 35, Castle Road, LONDON, N.W.

WOOD-MILNE REVOLVING HEEL PADS

Greater Comfort. Improved Appearance.

GIFT FREE FOR YOU
To introduce my new Illustrated Catalogue of Gold Wire Articles and other popular Jewellery, I am giving away 5,000 Lord's Prayer Rings. Send stamp and receive to return my Wonderful Offer. For few days only. Write to-day, E. H. HARRIS, The Wire King, Warren Green, Blackburn.

THE LAVENDER COLLAR.

No bulging at the throat. Sets perfectly (permanently) showing tie off to the best possible advantage. Made in all sizes. Depths 18, 2, 2½, 2¾, and 3in. Sample collar 7/6, including our new Illustrated Price List, post free, or half-dozen, 5/6, carriage paid. These are not the cheap, nasty collars, but a genuine article at a fair price.

W. O. HILLY, ex-Lavender Hill, Clapham St., London, S.W.

A Wonderful Remedy

DR. SCOTT'S PILLS

For Liver Complaints.

Port Arthur.

Real Photographs taken during the War in the doomed Fortress. In Part 9 of Mr. H. W. Wilson's

JAPAN'S FIGHT FOR FREEDOM.

Patroness: THE QUEEN.

GREAT SHOW.

TO-MORROW the NATIONAL ROSE SOCIETY will hold their great Annual Show at the **TEMPLE GARDENS**, Thames Embankment, E.C., (by kind permission of Treasurer and Benchers of the Inner Temple). Three Champion Challenge Trophies will be competed for, also numerous other Prizes. The Band of the 1st Life Guards will be in attendance. Afternoon Tea. 1904 is a record rose year, and the Show will be more than ordinarily worth visiting. Admission: From 12 to 3.30, 5/-; 3.30 to 5.30, 2/6; 5.30 to 7.30, 1/-.

TO-MORROW.

TEMPLE GARDENS.

TO-MORROW.

Small Advertisements

are received at the offices of the "Daily Mirror," 45 and 46, New Bond Street, W., and 2, Carmelite Street, E.C., between the hours of 10 and 5 (Saturdays, 10 to 2), for insertion in the issue of the following day, at the rate of 12 words 1/- (1d. each word afterwards). Advertisements, if sent by post, must be accompanied by **Postal Orders crossed BARCLAY and CO. (stamps will not be accepted)** and their advertisements must be sent free of charge to the "Daily Mirror" Offices, a box department having been opened for that purpose. If replies are to be forwarded, sufficient stamps to cover postage must be sent with the advertisement.

SITUATIONS WANTED.

Domestic.

SITUATION wanted; temporary or permanent; need to garden house, driving and cycle.—Write 1452, "Daily Mirror," 2, Carmelite St., E.C.

Miscellaneous.

DRESSMAKER open for weekly engagements at ladies' own residences.—Write 1270, "Daily Mirror," 2, New Bond St., W.

SITUATIONS VACANT.

Domestic.

BETWEEN-MAID wanted; for town; one not to be sent out before; wages £10; very comfortable place.—Write Y. B., Bond-street Bureau, 45, New Bond-st., W.

COOK for single gentleman wanted; wages £24; age 25; very comfortable place.—Call to-day, Mrs. D., 45, New Bond-st., W.

COOK (French) wanted; age about 30; one lady in flat; wages £26; easy place.—Call at once, Lady G., 45, New Bond-st., W.

COOK wanted immediately for Walton-on-Thames; small family; wages £26 to £28.—Call at once, Mrs. L., 45, New Bond-st., W.

GENERAL wanted immediately; 18 to 25; plain cooking; 3 in family; good wages to capable person; must have good personal character.—Write or apply 6, North-gate, Stamford, Norfolk, S.W.

HOUSE-PARLOURMAID wanted; for Hampstead; 2nd household kept; 3 in family; wages £20.—Apply, by letter, or before 11 and after 6, 24, Foggall-gate, Hampstead, N.W.

KITCHENMAID wanted at once; for the country; 2nd household kept; wages £18 to £20.—Write Y. K., Bond-street Bureau, 45, New Bond-st., W.

LADY-HELP wanted; 2 maids kept; refined home.—45, "Highland-rd., Doncaster.

MAID (useful, French-Swiss) wanted; for the country; good dressmaker; good references; wages £20.—Write Y. F., Bond-street Bureau, 45, New Bond-st., W.

NURSE (children's) wanted at once; for Blackheath; 2 children; must have good references; wages £22 £24.—Write Y. H., Bond-street Bureau, 45, New Bond-st., W.

Miscellaneous.

A GOOD Agent wanted; for spare time may secure a good and independent position; no risk or outlay.—Address Z. 1451, "Daily Mirror," 2, Carmelite St., E.C.

CORRESPONDENT wanted; to write; shorthand and type writing essential; age 17-20; Write, stating age and salary required, 1449, "Daily Mirror," 2, Carmelite St., London, E.C.

WATRESSES (2) required for ladies' club.—Call Domestic Registry (3rd floor), 41, Conduit-st., W.

MARKETING BY POST.

A DAINTY DRESS PARCEL for 30s.; a marvel of enterprise; 24. 6d. deposit, balance 15. weekly; write us for patterns; no security or reference required.—H. J. Harris and Son, Limited, Credit Street, 70, 72, 74, 76, and 78, Old Kent Rd., E.E. The prices charged will only allow us to supply London and the suburbs.

A SPECIAL POULTRY OFFER BY MAPLES AND CO. See our advertisement below.

CHOICE TABLE POULTRY and genuine Fresh Butter.—Send P.O. 5s. for sample basket, carriage paid, containing pair young Fowls, 4 weeks old, or 1 lb. of Fresh Butter, or 2 lb. Cambridge Sausages.—J. Ringer, Hewett, Ottwell, Wisbech, London Depot: 401, Central Market, E.C.

FINEST TABLE POULTRY—Send P.O. Central Market Supply, 23, Farringdon-st., Smithfield, London, for 2 large finest quality Spring Chickens, 4 weeks old, 4s. 6d.; 2 large boiling Fowls, 3s. 6d.; 2 finest Aylesbury Ducks, 5s. 6d. All trussed. Carriage paid.

LARGE Spring Fowls, 24. 6d.; 2 Fat Ducklings, 4s.; trussed free.—Miss Cox, Strand, Rossmore, Cork.

MAPLES AND CO. supply Meat and Poultry direct to consumer at wholesale prices; price list on application. Special: 2 Pwms trussed, delivered free in town or country on receipt of P.O. 4s.—All communications to Maples and Co. 8 Retail Offices, Clock Fair, Smithfield, E.C.

POULTRY—H. PEAKE is the FINEST OF CHEAP POULTRY.—Send me a P.O. for 4s. 6d. and I will send you carriage paid, 2 large finest quality chickens, usually sold in retail shops at 6s. per pair.—Write Mr. Peake, prices—H. Peake, 402-405, Central Market, London.

SAVE HALF YOUR BUTCHER BILLS and buy direct from the farmers.—Best English meat: Mutton, lamb, saddle, and shoulders, per lb., 7d.; legs, 8d.; beef, silver side, 7d.; top side, 8d.; sirloin and ribs, 8d.; rump steak, 1s.; slices, 1s. 6d.; corned beef, 1s. 6d.; corned veal and pork, prime joints, 6d.; orders of 4s. free delivered; hamper free.—"The Direct Supply Stores," 44, & 46, Holborn-circus, London.

STRAWBERRIES on rail one hour after picking; dessert 4d.; preserving 3d. per lb.; in 6, 10, 12 lb. baskets or over; carriage paid; cash with order.—D. Taylor and Co., Great Northwood-st., Cheltenham.

STRAWBERRIES, 10 lbs., 3s.; Currants, Red, 3s. 6d.; Black, 4s. 6d.; Raspberries, 4s. 6d.; cash only.—King, Phillips, Evesham.

GARDENING.

CUT ROSES: hybrid or tea scented; 100 superb specimen blooms, box included, carriage paid to London address 5s., or 50 for 3s.; with parcel.—King, Okehurst, Billingham.

ROSES—The fashionable perpetual flowering crimson or cluster rose; pot plants covered with bloom, 2s. each; per dozen; carriage paid.—J. Woods, F.R.H.S., Swallow-hill, Hants.

MOTORS AND CYCLES.

DARGAIN, Gent's, £12 12s. Coventry Cycle; new; not ridden 50 miles; free wheel, plated rims, two rim brakes, Dunlop inflated tyres; perfect, £5 15s.; accessories; cash wanted.—Student, 24, Fenchurch-st., Chatham.

Daily Bargains.

NOTICE.—When replying to advertisements addressed to the "Daily Mirror" Office no remittance should be enclosed in the first instance.

Dress.

A BABY'S COMPLETE OUTFIT; 68 articles; 21s. 6d.; robe, day-suits, nightgowns, flannel belt, patches, head square.—Eva, 160, Larkhall-lane, Clapham.

A BARGAIN—Underclothing; 10s. 6d. parcel; 3 chemises, 3 blouses, 2 petticoats, 3 handkerchiefs; 10s. 6d.—Eva, 160, Larkhall-lane, Clapham.

A BARGAIN—UNDERLINEN, 9s. parcel—9, Ladies' chemises, knickers, petticoats; 3 beautiful night-dresses, 10s. 6d.; approval.—Mrs. Scott, 251, Uxbridge-rd., Shepherd's Bush.

A COSTUME to measure, 42s.—Marsh, Tailors, 47, Whitcomb-st., Piccadilly-circus.

A FREE dainty sample Handkerchief, with illustrated list; send stamp.—British Linen Company, Oxford-st., London.

A GREAT SALE is proceeding at The Bond-street Dress Agency Ltd., where all the latest and smartest novelties can be had at bargain prices; muslin blouses a specialty at 12s. each; good corsets (traveller's samples) from 4s.

A DISCOUNT of ladies and children's wearing apparel.—Mrs. Ross, 42, Knightbridge.

BABY'S COMPLETE OUTFIT; 68 articles; 24s.; worth double; Robes, Daygown, Nightgown, Flannel, approval.—Call or write, Mrs. Scott, 251, Uxbridge-rd., Shepherd's Bush.

DAILY BARGAINS.

OSTRICH Feather Box, 6s. 9d. each; manufacturer's bankrupt stock; colours natural, French grey, black and white; also stock Marabout Ostrich Stoles, 80in. long, dark brown and natural colours, 11s. 3d.; approval.—Zoumoul, Bankruptcy Association, 31, Clapham-rd.

PARIS Model brown cloth "satin face" strapped Black cloth velvet, trousseau; lined silk throughout; 22 5s.—Bellairs, 18 F., 2, Conduit-st., W.

VOILE Dress length; manufacturer's bankrupt stock; full dress length, rich black, 9s. 6d.; worth 15s. 11d. yard; approval.—Emanuel, 31, Clapham-rd.

Miscellaneous.

ARTISTIC Crystalline coloured Miniatures set in pendants, brooches, etc., from 2s. 4d.; new permanent process from any photo; photos returned unaltered; sample sent.—Arlston, 15, Queen-st., Cheapside, London. (Agents wanted everywhere.)

ARTISTIC Photo Postcards of yourself; 2s. dozen; send photo for free sample.—Varinje, 25, North John-st., Liverpool.

BARGAIN—Ten-guinea silver, hall-marked Table Cutlery; 12 table, 12 dessert knives, pair carvers and steel; elegantly mounted; ivory handles; unsold; sacrifice 17s. 6d.; approval before payment.—Mrs. Major Bradshaw, 55, Handforth-rd., S.W.

BRICKS, Bricks, 1,000,000 good stock, 9s. 1,000.—Fulton, Pulling Down, Great Portland-st., Oxford-st.

FISH Knives and Forks; handsome 4-guinea case, 6 pairs silver, hall-marked; mounted ivory handles; unsold; accept 16s. 6d.; companion case Dessert; 15s. 6d.; elaborate 2-guinea case Fish Carvers; 8s. 6d.; approval.—M. E., 31, Clapham-rd.

ORDER AND BRIGHTNESS PREVAIL WHERE "MATCHLESS" METAL POLISH IS USED

BRITISH ALL-THROUGH.
Free from Acid, Poison & Grit.
PRODUCES QUICKLY A LASTING BRILLIANCY.
Manufactured by The Matchless Metal Polish Co. Ltd. LIVERPOOL.

DAILY BARGAINS.

THE Striped Pipe; delightful smokers; no cleaning; cool, delicious; simple briars, 1s. 3s. 6d., 2s. 6d., 4s.—Straw Pipe Synd., Ltd., 37, Walbrook, E.C., or post free.

9D. will buy 3s. 6d. worth of artistic Picture Postcards; sent free; no rubbish or common ones.—Publisher, G. Gratford, Clapham.

2/6 ONLY.—Solid 14-carat gold Nib, iridium pointed, guaranteed Fountain Pen "Diamond Star" twin feed, equal 10s. 6d. quality; post free; limited supply.—Star Stationers, 49, Newgate-st., London, E.C.

18 ARTISTIC PICTURE POSTCARDS, assorted, post free, 6d.—Pritchard and Co., 225, High-rd., Ilford.

O. DAVIS, PAWNBROKER, 25, DENMARK-HILL, LONDON.

GREAT CLEARANCE of all the BEST POST FREE ON APPLICATION.

10/6 GENT'S MAGNIFICENT 18-CARAT GOLD-CASED CHRONOMETER, 10 years' warranty; jewelled movement, perfect timekeeper, 10 years' written warranty; also 18-carat gold (stamped) filled, double O. Albert, 8s. 6d. attached, guaranteed 15 years' wear, worth £2 2s. Three together, sacrifice 10s. 6d. Approval before payment.

10/6 LADY'S HANDSOME 18-CARAT GOLD-CASED KEYLESS WATCH, jewelled movement, exact timekeeper, 10 years' warranty; also fashionable watch Guard, 18-carat gold (stamped) filled, elegant West End design, guaranteed 15 years' wear, worth £2 2s. Three together, sacrifice 10s. 6d. Approval before payment.

19/6 LADY'S 5/6 6s. SOLID GOLD (STAMPED) KEYLESS WATCH, jewelled 10 rubies, richly engraved case, splendid timekeeper, 10 years' warranty, week's trial. Sacrifice, 19s. 6d.

HANDSOME 5/6 5s. SERVICE SHEPHERD 10/6 CUTLERY, 12 Table, 12 Cheese Knives, Carvers, and Steel; Crayford ivory balanced handles; unsold; developing and printing accessories; sacrifice, 9s. 6d.

8/6 CURB CHAIN PADLOCK BRACELET, 18-carat gold (stamped) filled; in Morocco case. Sacrifice, 8s. 6d. Approval before payment.

8/6 HANDSOME LONG NECK-CHAIN, genuine 18-carat gold (stamped) filled, choice design, in Morocco case, 8s. 6d.; another heavier, exceedingly beautiful pattern, extra long, 10s. 6d. Approval before payment.

9/6 FIELD, Raco, or Marine Glass, 4x4s. military lenses, in saddle-made sling case. Sacrifice, 9s. 6d.; approval before payment.

9/6 MAGNIFICENT 3/6 3s. 1-plate HAND CAMERA, takes 12 plates, time and shutter, with developing and printing accessories; sacrifice, 9s. 6d.

10/6 LADY'S MAGNIFICENT 5/6 5s. SOLID GOLD, hall-marked DIAMOND AND EMERALD DOUBLE HALF-HOOP RING; large lustrous stones; sacrifice, 10s. 6d.; approval before payment.

O. DAVIS, PAWNBROKER, 25, DENMARK-HILL, LONDON.

HOLIDAY APARTMENTS TO LET AND WANTED:

BOARD-RESIDENCE, Sea front, 21s. to 25s. inclusive.—Mrs. Anderson, 14, Palm-cressent, Hastings.

BOARD-RESIDENCE, superior, neighbourhood (two guineas); two cottages; 100 ft. of sea; 43, Compton-st., Brighton.

DOVER—Comfortable apartments; terms moderate.—25, Longfield-rd., Dover.

GREAT YARMOUTH—Garrison Hotel for gentlemen; moderate terms; liberal table.—Powell, Proprietor.

LOWESTOFT (Kirkley Cliff-rd.)—The Myrtles and Neuf-châtel Boarding Establishments; terms from 30s.—Mrs. John Welham.

MARGATE—Apartments, board-residence; low terms.—West Liasian-ter.

MARGATE—Board-residence, 19s. inclusive.—Hewitt, 16, St. John's-rd.

RAMSGATE—Cantwell's Popular Board-residence; 18s. 6d. inclusive; recommended; medical.—Vale House, Westcliff-rd.

WANTED, at Broadstairs, from 6th August, for 4 weeks, Bed-sitting room, with board and attendance, for gentleman wife and lady boy, 2 months only with maid. Moderate and inclusive terms to 469s. Kingston-rd., Merton, Surrey.

WANTED, furnished rooms, close to river and boat-house; near London (Waterbury line).—Write 1,447, "Daily Mirror," 2, Carmelite-st., E.C.

BOARD RESIDENCE & APARTMENTS.

A PARTMENTS (superior); board optional; excellent cuisine; extremely clean; bath; terms low.—25, Cornam-st., Brunswick-c.

GOOD Home in young widow lady's house; bright, airy rooms; 5 minutes' walk; moderate terms.—52, St. Charles-c., Ludbrook-grove, London, W.

HIGHBURY—Four well-furnished rooms, 15s. weekly; bath; tube City.—21, Drayton-park.

MUSICAL INSTRUMENTS.

A LADY wishes to sell lovely 56-guinea upright, iron grand drawing-room Piano; tall richrod, on massive brass sounding plate; fine gold hand repeat; rich action, handsome marquetry panel with carved pillars; nearly new; maker 20 years' warranty; transferable; take 15 guineas; approval willing, 10s. 6d., Burnstead, Row, London, E.

BORD'S Pianos.—25 per cent. discount for cash, or 15s. 6d. per month; second-hand piano; 2nd hand, 20s. 25s.; upright grand 17s. 6d.; cottages, 10s. 6d. to 13s. per month on the 3 years' system.—C. Styles & Co., 45, & 47, Southampton-row, London, W.C. Pianos exchanged.

MISCELLANEOUS.

ARE YOUR SHIRTS AND COLLARS WELL DRESSED? If not, post them to Thompson's Model Laundry, Margravine-rd., Hammersmith.

A STHMA cured by Zematone.—Write for free trial box to Corfield, 10, St. John's-rd., E.C.

COURT Dressmaker; highly recommended; French experience; perfect style; fit; exquisite work; prices exceptionally advantageous; modest.—Write 1442, "Daily Mirror," 2, Carmelite-st., E.C.

OLD Antique Teeth bought; call or forward by post; full value per return, or offer made.—Messrs. M. Brown, 11, Manufacturing District, 153, Oxford-st., London (Establishment 100 years).

SIX miles too much coal burned.—Write Sugar House Mills Company, Stratford.

Advertisements under the headings:

Houses and Properties.

Partnerships and Financial.

Pets, Live Stock, and Vehicles.

Educational.

Businesses for Sale and Wanted.

Appear on page 2.

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